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REVIEWS

Ornithological Biography, &c. &c. By John James Audubon. Vol. IV. Edinburgh, Black; London, Longman.

A FIFTH volume of letter-press, rendered necessary by the successful issue of Mr. Audubon's late researches, is yet to come. It will contain, with other matter, a synoptical arrangement of the beautiful and all but living winged creatures, figured by the American woodsman: and, as it is already in the press, his heavy and arduous task, begun under discouragement, and pursued in spite of difficulties, may be considered as closed. It is possible that the general reader will find the present volume less amusing than former ones to which we have directed his attention; inasmuch as a pregnancy of illustrative matter has compelled its artist-author to withhold from it those episodic sketches of life and scenery in the Western World with which he formerly relieved his scientific descriptions. But it is rich in interesting matter for the ornithologist. In the Introduction, according to his custom, our author briefly traces out what have been his personal adventures since he last met the public in print; and acknowledges the good offices of new and old friends, whom he names, with a hearty simplicity and trust in the sympathies of the reader, as engaging as it is characteristic. Mr. Audubon was received on his last visit to America with deserved honour; every possible assistance was ministered to him; and the result of friendly aid and his own energy was a copious treasure of novelties in the shape of birds hitherto not painted, not described, or not named. We shall not enumerate these, our plan being, as formerly, to draw upon the letter-press for such descriptive passages as will be most welcome to the general reader.

The volume begins with the history of the *Canvass-back Duck*, in whose table-popularity Mr. Audubon thinks that fashion has as much to do as real merit. "It is not more than about fifteen years," he says, "since it began to rise from a very low price to two dollars the pair, at which it sold during my visit (to New Orleans) in March, 1837."

The usual mode of taking these birds has been, till recently, by shooting them from the points during their flight, or from the land or boats, on their feeding grounds, or by *tolling*, as it is strangely termed, an operation by which the ducks are sometimes induced to approach within a few feet of the shore, from a distance often of several hundred yards. A spot is usually selected where the birds have not been much disturbed, and where they feed at three or four hundred yards from, and can approach to within forty or fifty yards of the shore, as they will never come nearer than they can swim freely. The higher the tides, and the calmer the day, the better, for they feed closer to the shores and see more distinctly. Most persons on these waters have a race of small white or liver-coloured dogs, which they familiarly call the *toller* breed, but which appear to be the ordinary poodle. These dogs are extremely playful, and are taught to run up and down the shore, in sight of the ducks, either by the motion of the hand, or by throwing chips from side to side. They soon become perfectly acquainted with their business, and as they discover the ducks approaching them, make their jumps less high till they almost crawl on the ground, to prevent the birds discovering what the object of their curiosity may be. This disposition to examine natives has been taken advantage of by using a red

or black handkerchief by day, and a white one by night in tolling, or even by gently plashing the water on the shore. The nearest ducks soon notice the strange appearance, raise their heads, gaze intently for a moment, and then push for the shore, followed by the rest. On many occasions, I have seen thousands of them swimming in a solid mass direct to the object; and by removing the dog farther into the grass, they have been brought within fifteen feet of the bank. When they have approached to about thirty or forty yards, their curiosity is generally satisfied, and after swimming up and down for a few seconds, they retrograde to their former station. The moment to shoot is while they present their sides, and forty and fifty ducks have often been killed by a small gun. * * To prevent the dogs, whilst tolling, from running in, they are not allowed to go into the water to bring out the ducks, but another breed of large dogs of the Newfoundland and water-spaniel mixture are employed. These animals, whilst tolling is in progression, or at a point, take apparently as much interest in success as the sportsman himself. During a flight, their eyes are incessantly watching the direction from whence the birds come; and I have frequently seen them indicate by their manner, the approach of a flock so distant that the human eye would have overlooked it. As the ducks come on, the dog lies down, but still closely observing them, and the moment the discharge occurs, jumps up to see the effect. If a duck falls dead, they plunge to bring it; but many of them wait to see how he falls, and whither he swims, and they seem to be as aware as the gunner, of the improbability of capture, and will not make the attempt, knowing from experience that a bird merely winged will generally save himself by swimming and diving. These dogs usually bring one duck at a time out of the water; but a real Newfoundland, who was with me and my company this autumn, was seen on several occasions to swim twenty yards further, and take a second in the mouth to carry on shore. The indefatigability and ambition of these animals are remarkable, and a gentleman informed me he had known his dog bring, in the space of one hour, twenty Canvass-backs and three Swans from the water, when the weather was so severe that the animal was covered with icicles, and to prevent his freezing he took his great-coat to envelope him. Some dogs will dive a considerable distance after a duck, but a crippled Canvass-back or Black-head will swim so far under the water, that they can rarely be caught by the dog; and it often has been observed, that the moment one of these ducks, if merely winged, reaches the surface, he passes under, and however calm cannot be seen again. To give an idea of the extreme rapidity with which a duck can dive, I will relate an occurrence which was noticed by myself, and a similar one was observed by another of the party the same day. A male South-southerly was shot at in the water by a percussion gun, and after escaping the shot by diving, commenced his flight. When about forty yards from the boat, he had acquired an elevation of a foot or more from the surface. A second percussion-gun was discharged, and he dived from the wing at the flash, and though the spot of entrance was covered by the shot, soon rose unharmed and flew."

After briefly mentioning other ways of taking these dainty birds, and remarking that the amusement of duck-shooting is probably one of the most severe ones which a sportsman can undergo, he describes his drawing:—

"In the back ground, says he, is a view of Baltimore, which I have had great pleasure in introducing, on account of the hospitality which I have there experienced, and the generosity of its inhabitants, who on the occasion of a quantity of my plates having been destroyed by the mob during an outburst of political feeling, indemnified me for the loss."

The greater part of this volume is devoted to

water birds: we read of the Dusky Duck, clever in maternal stratagems to withdraw her progeny from harm; and of the peculiar shyness of the Turnstone, which, on its oyster-catching expeditions, shows suspicion of mankind only when in company with birds not belonging to its own species; of the "Purple Gallinule flitting its tail while gaily moving over the broad leaves of the water-lily," so lightly and easily that "in proceeding it scarcely produces any perceptible disturbance of the water." The next bird in whose company the reader will be glad to pause a moment, is the Loon, or Great Northern Diver. With the exception of the Anhinga, and the Great Auk, the Loon, Mr. Audubon tells us, is one "of the most accomplished of divers":—

"In Labrador, where these birds were abundant, my son John one day shot at one on wing, which fell upon the water to appearance quite dead, and remained on its back motionless until we had leisurely rowed to it, when a sailor put out his hand to take it up. The Loon, however, to our surprise, suddenly sprang up, and dived, and while we stood amazed, watching its appearance, we saw it come up at the distance of about an hundred yards, shake its head, and disgorge a quantity of fish mixed with blood; on which it dived again, and seemed lost to us. We rowed however to the spot in all haste, and the moment it rose, sent another shot after it, which terminated its career. On examining it afterwards, we found it quite riddled by the heavy shot.

"If ever so slightly wounded, the Loon prefers diving to flying off, and all your endeavours to kill it are almost sure to prove unavailing. You may shoot at it under such circumstances, but you will lose both your time and your ammunition. Its keenness of sight defies the best percussion-locked gun, for it is generally deep in the water before the shot reaches the spot where it has been. When fatigued with diving in the ordinary manner, it will sink backwards, like a Grebe or a Frog, make for some concealed spot among the rushes, and there lie until your eyes ache with searching.

"Loons are now and then caught in fishermen's nets, and are soon drowned. I have also caught them with hooks fastened to lines laid across the Ohio, but on no such occasions have I taken the bird alive. A method of shooting these birds, which I have often practised, and which was several times successfully employed by our Labrador party, may here be related. On seeing a Loon on the water, at whatever distance, the sportsman immediately places himself under the nearest cover on the shore, and remains there as carefully concealed as possible. A few minutes are allowed to pass, to give the wary and sharp-sighted bird all due confidence; during which time the gun, charged with large shot, is laid in a convenient position. The gunner then takes his cap or pocket-handkerchief, which if brightly coloured is so much the better, and raising it in one hand, waves it three or four times, and then suddenly conceals it. The bird commonly detects the signal at once, and, probably imagining the object thus exhibited to be one of its own species, gradually advances, emitting its love-notes, which resemble a coarse laugh, as it proceeds. The sportsman imitates these notes, making them loud and yet somewhat mellow, waving his cap or kerchief at the same time, and this he continues to do at intervals. The Loon, in order to arrive more quickly, dives, perhaps rises within fifty yards of him, and calling less loudly, advances with considerable caution. He shows the signal less frequently, imitates the notes of the bird more faintly, and carefully keeps himself concealed, until the Loon, having approached within twenty or even ten paces, dives, and on emerging rises itself up to shake its wings, when off goes the shot, and the deluded bird floats dead on the water. * * I once 'told'

two Loons with my hat from a distance of nearly half a mile, and although they were at one time so near to me that I could clearly perceive the colour of their eyes, I had no sure opportunity of firing at them, as it was in the pairing season, and they never once dived, or raised their wings to flap them, so that, knowing the extreme agility with which they disappear when they have seen a gun snap, I judged it useless to shoot."

The White Pelican gives our enthusiastic naturalist an opportunity for a little pen-and-ink scene painting in his best manner:—

"Ranged along the margins of the sand-bar, in broken array, stand a hundred heavy-bodied Pelicans. Gorgeous tints, all autumnal, enrich the foliage of every tree around, the reflection of which, like fragments of the rainbow, seems to fill the very depths of the placid and almost sleeping waters of the Ohio. The subdued and ruddy beams of the orb of day assure me that the Indian summer has commenced, that happy season of unrivalled loveliness and serenity, symbolic of autumnal life, which to every enthusiastic lover of nature must be the purest and calmest period of his career. Plumming themselves, the gorged Pelicans patiently wait the return of hunger. Should one chance to gape, all, as if by sympathy, in succession open their long and broad mandibles, yawning lazily and ludicrously. Now, the whole length of their largest quills is passed through the bill, until at length their apparel is as beautifully trimmed as if the party were to figure at a rout. But mark, the red beams of the setting sun tinge the tall tops of the forest trees; the birds experience the cravings of hunger, and to satisfy them they must now labour. Clumsily do they rise on their columnar legs, and heavily waddle to the water. But now, how changed do they seem! Lightly do they float, as they marshal themselves, and extend their line, and now their broad paddle-like feet propel them onwards. In yonder nook, the small fry are dancing in the quiet water, perhaps in their own manner bidding farewell to the orb of day, perhaps seeking something for their supper. Thousands there are, all gay, and the very manner of their mirth, causing the waters to sparkle, invites their foes to advance toward the shoal. And now the Pelicans, aware of the faculties of their scaly prey, at once spread out their broad wings, press closely forward with powerful strokes of their feet, drive the little fishes toward the shallow shore, and then, with their enormous pouches spread like so many bag-nets, scoop them out and devour them in thousands."

These pelicans are singularly tenacious of life: some, shot by Mr. Audubon on the inner islands of Barataria Bay, "which were perforated with buck-shot, did not expire until eight or ten minutes after they were fired at." Again:—"A Pelican had been grazed on the hind part of the head with an ounce ball from a musket, and yet five days afterwards it was apparently convalescent." The Black-headed Gull, too, is equally tenacious of life; and it shares the free-trading sagacity and impudence of many of the water birds:—

"I have thought it remarkable," says Audubon, "how keenly and aptly Gulls generally discover at once the intentions towards them of individuals of our own species. To the peaceable and industrious fisherman they scarcely pay any regard, whether he drags his heavy net along the shore, or patiently waits until his well-baited hook is gulped below the dancing yet well-anchored bark, over the side of which he leans in constant and anxious expectation. At such a time indeed, if the fisher has had much success, and his boat displays a good store, Gulls will almost assail him like so many beggars, and perhaps receive from him a trifling yet dainty morsel. But, on the opposite side of the bay, see how carefully and suspiciously the same birds are watching every step of the man who, with a long gun held in a trailing position, tries to approach the flock of sleeping Widgeons. Why, not one of the Gulls will go within three times the range of his murderous engine; and, as if to assure him of their knowledge of his designs, they merely laugh at him from their secure station."

The Anhinga, or Snake-Bird, seems a favourite

with others as well as our author, if we are to judge from the names it bears, almost as many as those appertaining to the Robin, enumerated by the Laureate in his poem:—

"The Creoles of Louisiana, about New Orleans, and as far up the Mississippi as Pointe Coupé, call it 'Bee à Lancette,' on account of the form of its bill; whilst at the mouths of the river it bears the name of 'Water Crow.' In the southern parts of Florida, it is called the 'Greecian Lady,' and in South Carolina it is best known by the name of 'Cormorant.' Yet in all these parts, it bears also the name of 'Snake-Bird.' * * * The Anhinga is altogether a diurnal bird, and, like the Cormorant, is fond of returning to the same roosting place every evening about dusk, unless prevented by molestation. At times I have seen from three to seven alight on the dead top branches of a tall tree, for the purpose of there spending the night; and this they repeated for several weeks, until on my having killed some of them and wounded others, the rest abandoned the spot, and after several furious contests with a party that roosted about two miles off, succeeded in establishing themselves among them. At such times they seldom sit very near each other, as Cormorants do, but keep at a distance of a few feet or yards, according to the nature of the branches. Whilst asleep, they stand with the body almost erect, but never bend the tarsus so as to apply it in its whole length, as the Cormorant does; they keep their heads snugly covered among their scapulars, and at times emit a wheezing sound, which I suppose to be produced by their breathing. In rainy weather they often remain roosted the greater part of the day, and on such occasions they stand erect, with their neck and head stretched upwards, remaining perfectly motionless, as if to allow the water to glide off their plumage. Now and then, however, they suddenly ruffle their feathers, violently shake themselves, and again compressing their form, resume their singular position."

The following description of a visit to the Snake-Birds' breeding grounds near Charleston, was furnished by Dr. Bachman:—

"The day was fine, and in about an hour our horses brought us to the margin of the swamp. We soon discovered a bird flying over us, and making for the upper part of the pond toward a retired place, rendered almost inaccessible in consequence of its being a morass overgrown with vines and rushes. As there was no other way of examining their locality but by water, we hauled ashore a small leaky canoe which we found in the pond, caulked it in the best manner we could, so as to render it not unsafe, although after all we could do to it, we found it still very leaky. It proved uncomfortable enough, and could hold only two persons. So it was agreed that I should proceed in it, accompanied by a servant, who understood well how to paddle it. The pond is artificial, and such as in this country is called a 'Reserve.' It is situated at the upper part of rice fields, and is intended to preserve water sufficient, when needed, to irrigate and overflow the rice. It is studded with small islands, covered by a thick growth of a small species of Laurel (*Laurus geniculata*) and the Black Willow (*Salix nigra*), all entangled by various species of Smilax and other plants. These were at the time covered with Herons' nests of several kinds. Farther on the Night Herons also had formed a city. As I proceeded onwards in my search I found the difficulties increasing. The water became shallow, the mire deeper and softer, and the boat required the best of management to be propelled along, for now it was retarded by rushes and vines. Enormous live oaks and cypress trees reared their majestic branches towards the pure sky above, covered as they were with dangling masses of Spanish moss, reaching to the very surface of the water, and turning day into night. Alligators of great size wallowed in the mire, or were heard to plunge into it, from the many logs which ever and anon intercepted my progress, while terrapins, snakes, and other reptiles swarmed around. My situation was thus not altogether so very pleasant, and the less so as it was necessary for me to destroy as many mosquitoes as possible, and guard against being upset in such a truly 'dismal swamp.' We moved extremely slow, yet advanced, and at last, having reached an open space where the trees were of small size and height,

I espied the nest of the Anhinga before me! The female was sitting on it, but on our coming nearer she raised herself by her bill to a branch about one foot above, and there stood with outstretched neck like a statue. It was cruel thus to disturb her in her own peaceful solitude; but naturalists, alas! seldom consider this long, when the object of their pursuit is in their view and almost within their grasp. Being now within twenty yards of the innocent and interesting creature, I pointed my short rifle towards her, and immediately fired; but the unsteadiness of the canoe, and perhaps that of a hand not accustomed to this weapon, saved her life. She remained in her statue-like posture, the rifle was reloaded, and thrice fired, without touching her; but at last a bullet having cut through the branch on which she stood, she spread her dark pinions, and launching into the air, was soon beyond the reach of my eyes, and I trust of further danger."

Ere we close our notice, we must take a peep at a wilder picture,—passing from the river to the ocean; the author was on his way to Labrador:

"We had well explored the Magdalene Islands, and were anxious to visit the Great Gannet Rock, where, according to our pilot, the birds from which it derives its name bred. For several days I had observed numerous files proceeding northward, and marked their mode of flight while thus travelling. At length, about ten o'clock, we discerned at a distance a white speck, which our pilot assured us was the celebrated rock of our wishes. After a while I could distinctly see its top from the deck, and thought that it was still covered with snow several feet deep. As we approached it, I imagined that the atmosphere around was filled with flakes, but on my turning to the pilot, who smiled at my simplicity, I was assured that nothing was in sight but the Gannets and their island home. I rubbed my eyes, took up my glass, and saw that the strange dimness of the air before me was caused by the innumerable birds, whose white bodies and black-tipped pinions produced a blended tint of light-grey. When we had advanced to within half a mile, this magnificent veil of floating Gannets was easily seen, now shooting upwards, as if intent on reaching the sky, then descending as if to join the feathered masses below, and again diverging toward either side and sweeping over the surface of the ocean."

A boat's crew was now despatched to storm the island, and returned in about an hour:—

"A quantity of eggs of various kinds, and several birds, had been procured, for wherever sufficient room for a gannet's nest was not afforded on the rock, one or two Guillemots occupied the spot, and on the ledges below the Kittiwakes lay thick like snow-flakes. The discharging of their guns produced no other effect than to cause the birds killed or severely wounded to fall into the water, for the cries of the countless multitudes drowned every other noise. The party had their clothes smeared with the nauseous excrements of hundreds of gannets and other birds, which in shooting off from their nests caused numerous eggs to fall, of which some were procured entire. The confusion on and around the rock was represented as baffling all description. * * * The top of the main rock is a quarter of a mile wide, from north to south, but narrower in the other direction. Its elevation is estimated at about four hundred feet. It stands in lat. 47° 52'. The surf beats its base with great violence, unless after a long calm, and it is extremely difficult to land upon it, and still more so to ascend to the top or platform. The only point on which a boat may be landed lies on the south side, and the moment the boat strikes it must be hauled dry on the rocks. The whole surface of the upper platform is closely covered with nests, placed about two feet asunder, and in such regular order that a person may see between the lines, which run north and south, as if looking along the furrows of a deeply ploughed field. The Labrador fishermen and others who annually visit this extraordinary resort of the Gannets, for the purpose of procuring their flesh to bait their cod-fish hooks, ascend armed with heavy short clubs, in parties of eight, ten, or more, and as once begin their work of destruction. At sight of these unwelcome intruders, the affrighted birds rise on wing with a noise like thunder, and fly off in such a hurried and confused manner as to impede each

other's progress, by which thousands are forced down-wards, and accumulate into a bank many feet high; the men beating and killing them with their clubs until fatigued, or satisfied with the number they have slain. * * The dead birds are now roughly skinned, and the flesh of the breast cut up in pieces of different sizes, which will keep good for bait about a fortnight or three weeks. So great is the destruction of these birds for the purpose mentioned, that the quantity of their flesh so procured supplies with bait upwards of forty boats, which lie fishing close to the island of Brion each season. By the 20th of May the rock is covered with birds on their nests and eggs, and about a month afterwards the young are hatched. The earth is scratched by the birds for a few inches deep, and the edges surrounded by sea-weeds and other rubbish, to the height of eight or ten inches, tolerably well matted together. Each female Gannet lays a single egg, which is pure white, but not larger than a good-sized hen's egg. When the young are hatched, they are bluish-black, and for a fortnight or more their skin is not unlike that of the common dog-fish. They gradually become downy and white, and when five or six weeks old look like great lumps of carded wool. * * On weighing several of the Gannets brought on board, I found them to average rather more than seven pounds; but Mr. Godwin assured me that when the young birds are almost ready to fly, they weigh eight and sometimes nine pounds. This I afterwards ascertained to be true, and I account for the difference exhibited at this period by the young birds, by the great profusion of food with which their parents supply them, regardless in a great measure of their own wants. The Pilot further told me that the stench on the summit of the rock was insupportable, covered as it is during the breeding season, and after the first visits of the fishermen, with the remains of carcasses of old and young birds, broken and rotten eggs, excrements, and multitudes of fishes."

Here we are compelled to take leave of these interesting sketches of natural history.

History of the Crusade against the Heretical Albigenes.—[*Histoire, &c.*] Written in Provençal Verse by a Contemporary Poet; translated and published by M. C. Fauriel. 4to. Paris: Imprimerie Royale.

HAAS is another proof of the ardour with which our Gallic neighbours ransack every obscure corner for materials to enrich the national history—an ardour that we Englishmen are disposed rather to praise than to imitate.

The MS. from which this poem has been published, is probably of the thirteenth century, and is consequently nearly as ancient as the poem itself. Who was the author?—or were there more authors than one? These are questions of difficult solution. On the faith of the following couplet,—

Comensa la cansos que maestre W. fit,
Us clerks qui en Navarra fo a Tudela noirit,—
it has generally been ascribed to William of Tudela; but M. Fauriel is of a different opinion; and he founds his dissent on two circumstances. The first is, that in the verses immediately subsequent to these, this William, or Guillaume, is called an adept in "grammarie;" that he foresaw the evils which the Albigenian war would occasion; and that he resolved to write them in a book, to give the world a notable proof of his supernatural art. The second is, that the language of the poem is not such as we should expect from a Navarrese: it is purely Provençal, and the production of a native. Both objections are certainly strong. It is improbable that any writer would openly call himself a magician, and represent the facts of the Albigenian war as lying within the domain of prescience, not of experience—as prospective, instead of retrospective. And it is equally improbable that any one but a native of southern France could be so well acquainted either with the language or the localities, as the author evidently is. Add to

these considerations, that throughout the poem there are particular allusions which seem to connect him with this region,—that he calls Toulouse, *our city*—its martial prelate, *our bishop*, &c., and we cannot resist the inference of the editor. Still, there are difficulties attending the subject. There is, for instance, some reason to doubt whether the poem be the production of one pen. Certainly one portion of the work is written in a tone and spirit just the reverse of those which presided over the composition of the other. As M. Fauriel observes, "Our troubadour commenced his work under the influence of one impression and one idea; he finished it under the influence of an opposite impression and idea. It is, if we may so term it, a double work: it is composed of two parts, in each of which there is a sentiment entirely contrary to that we discover in the other: it appears to be the offspring of two minds, not merely distinct from each other, but hostile, and actuated by opposite motives." To be more explicit: in the first part of this work, the author is the enthusiastic advocate of the crusade: he rejoices at every success of the murderous ruffians who directed it; he extols the savage De Montfort, and that incarnate fury, Folquet of Marseilles, who filled the episcopal throne of Toulouse: he curses and reprobates the Albigenes, and dwells with evident satisfaction on the torments they were made to endure. He relates with great complaisance, that "many fair heretics were made to dance in the flames." In the latter portion, the author, whoever he may be, openly condemns the Albigenian war, as violent, insolent, iniquitous, revolting to humanity and religion; the crusaders, especially De Montfort and the Bishop, are now monsters of ferocity; and the cause of the persecuted is henceforth the one in which the reader is interested.

What can be the cause of this opposition of manner and sentiment? "Doubtless," the reader will answer, "the simple fact that the poem was written by two different persons." But M. Fauriel will not sanction this natural conclusion. He contends that there is such a conformity between the style, the manner, the tone, the character of the two parts, as to leave not the slightest ground for the hypothesis of two different writers. At this day, however, it would be hard for even the most learned Frenchman critically to estimate the language of a poem so little understood as the Provençal. We much doubt whether even a Raynour could, from this kind of internal evidence, undertake to judge in such a matter. It is indeed true, that as every age has forms of speech peculiar to itself, so has every writer of the same age: he has peculiarities of thought, of diction, and of expression, that may distinguish him from his contemporaries. But after the lapse of seven centuries, who can precisely state in what those peculiarities consist? If, at the present day, when a language is subjected to the most exact rules, and when those rules are comprehended by everybody, we find it sometimes impossible, always difficult, to determine identity of style, there is presumption at least in the assertion, that we can estimate the peculiarities of any writer in a language, of which even the ordinary grammatical rules are unknown, and of which hundreds of words have hitherto been inexplicable to the most eminent antiquaries. Leaving, then, entirely out of our consideration the alleged identity of style, we can by no means subscribe to M. Fauriel's dictum, in the other points of resemblance. The manner of the two portions is assuredly different. The former is uniformly arid, the latter often poetical; the one is extremely condensed, the other diffusive; the former so abrupt as to be frequently obscure, the latter minute and graphic. Connect these facts (which appear to

have escaped the editor's notice,) with the acknowledged contradiction between the tone, the spirit, the sentiments of the two portions, and we shall be much surprised if the reader do not adopt our opinion in opposition to M. Fauriel's,—if he do not conclude that this poem must be assigned to two different pens. We do not, however, contend that both were French. The probability is, that William of Tudela,—a troubadour, like so many of the Navarrese,—commenced the work, and continued it down to the period when the remarkable change we have mentioned begins to appear; and that the remainder of the poem, which is by far the longer, was the production of some Provençal poet. This simple conjecture at once accounts for the discrepancies to which we have alluded. It is supported by many incidental passages in the work itself. We have many allusions, for instance, in the first part, to the distracted state of Leon and Portugal—to the circumstances of Aragon and Catalonia—to the feeling of the Peninsula generally, in reference both to the Albigenian and to the Mohammedan wars. The author does more: he regards with all the prejudice of a Navarrese the other kingdoms of Spain, and characterizes the rulers of some with no sparing hand; while he bestows praise enough on the monarch of Navarre. In short, the first part of this work exhibits an acquaintance with Spain, intimate as that which the writer of the second part evinces in regard to southern France; and the national, no less than the individual, feeling of both, is equally distinct. Whether William of Tudela wrote in the Provençal, or in the Navarrese dialect, is a problem which we cannot well solve. We may observe, that a man might be complete master of both; that many writers actually were; that the troubadours of Aragon, Catalonia, and Navarre, frequently recited their compositions at the courts of the local sovereigns in the south of France; that the subjects of the latter were as frequently among the guests of the Aragonese monarchs, and the rivals of their subjects; and that the *gaya ciencia* had, in all probability, a language of its own, which every lover of the art was bound to acquire. This at least is certain, that between the amatory compositions of Thibault of Navarre, Pedro of Aragon, and the troubadours of Toulouse, Beziers, Montauban, and Carcassonne, (many of which are still extant,) there is much less dissimilarity than we should expect to find. Either, therefore, there was a language common to the professors of the tuneful art on both sides of the Pyrenees, or (a somewhat improbable hypothesis) the compositions of all were translated into some one dialect, to which, for reasons that it would be useless to discuss, the preference was given by common consent. Still the popular dialects of Navarre, Aragon, and southern France, differed greatly from each other; and possibly William of Tudela might write in the dialect best understood by his countrymen. In this case, he must have had a translator; and that translator must have been the author of the latter portion of the poem. But for the reasons already given, we incline to the opinion that the author of the first part, Navarrese though he was, wrote in the Provençal dialect. On this, as on the kindred point,—whether the poem was written by one or more pens,—the reader must decide between us and M. Fauriel.

But whatever be the paternity of the poem, its importance cannot be disputed. Though it does not embrace more than half of the Albigenian war,—since it extends only from 1208 to 1219,—this period is exactly that about which every historian feels most interest; and by every historian who may hereafter undertake to give an accurate narrative of that war, this work must be consulted. From several passages, we

are justified in concluding that it was composed at the very time the events were passing. Sometimes the author, after describing those events up to a certain period, seems to lay down his pen until such as are yet in futurity have transpired, and he may be enabled to resume his task. The hesitation, the doubt, the positive uncertainty, in which he frequently alludes to the future, lead us to believe that he kept a diary of the transactions; and that, immediately after they had happened, he inserted them in his journal. In some of the scenes he was probably an eye-witness,—certainly the greater part of his information eye-witnesses only could supply; and to many such he was doubtless indebted for the multitudinous details which he has interwoven into his poem. As the editor justly observes,—"One of the most striking features of this history, is the care with which the author mentions the name of every personage who figured in any degree, however subordinate, in the events which he describes. Of these he has an astonishing multitude: he seeks and finds them in all the ranks of feudality, of chivalry, of citizenship, and lower still. However slight the occasion, there is no master of a fortress so mean as to escape express mention. If he describes the warlike machines used by the defenders of Toulouse or Beaucaire, he knows and records the names of the artisans by whom they were constructed." It is this very exactitude that evinces his intimate knowledge of the personages and localities; and that must, in the eyes of the future historian, be his great value. The history, indeed, that is conversant only with battles and sieges, with skirmishes and ambuscades, is dry enough; but to do our author—or rather authors—justice, there is something much better in the poem before us,—something to enlarge our knowledge of society in a dark age. It presents us with two important and totally distinct elements—chivalry and democracy. On the one hand, we perceive the *esprit de corps* of feudality, from the king of France down to the meanest vassal of the humblest knight in the system; we perceive how naturally they herded together, how readily they enter into any undertaking which has for its object the advantage of the order, or the destruction of a rival power. On the other, we see the cities and municipal towns rapidly verging towards democracy,—always the natural, and longing to become the open, enemies of the feudal lords,—of men whose valour they dreaded, but whose claims they were eager to dispute. The constitution, indeed, of these municipalities—and most of the great towns had them—was exceedingly favourable to popular freedom. The people, in all of them, claimed, and in most instances obtained, the right of electing their own magistrates, of making regulations for their internal government, and of fixing the amount of their contributions to the chief who held the feudal superiority over the place. Of course, whenever that chief had a well-disciplined body of retainers, there was a struggle between him and the municipality,—a struggle embittered and prolonged by the readiness with which knightly adventurers—those who had no lands, no money, no property but their steeds and swords—rushed to the aid of wealthy and liberal corporations. In some places, after a ruinous struggle, the two hostile parties agreed to divide the government between them; in others, where the popular spirit was too strong, the superior was glad to sell rights which his sword could not defend. In some districts, where municipal liberty was most in jeopardy, several towns confederated for the purpose of mutual aid, and made treaties with each other on the footing of sovereign independence. In others, there was a similar confederation of feudal chiefs, and the war was

no longer confined to an insignificant locality, but spread over a whole province.

This explanation will throw considerable light on the causes which led to the Albigenian war. The nobles took part against the citizens, not because the latter were more disposed to heresy than the rural population, but because they were the natural, the hereditary, the necessary enemies of the feudal domination. The citizens, on the other hand, fought for their municipal freedom quite as much as for their religion, and beheld in every superior an enemy to both. There was, consequently, a twofold struggle, which deepened the animosity of both parties, and which led to the perpetration of horrors unknown where only one of these elements was in operation. Still the picture, dark as it is, is not wholly unrelieved. In the spiritual, no less than the temporal chiefs of the crusade, we frequently perceive a kind of doubt, whether the cause in which they are engaged is as holy as they have been taught to believe. Thus, at the siege of Beaucaire, when Montfort, in presence of the assembled chiefs of the crusade, complained of the repulses which he had received, and solicited advice how to proceed, the bishop of Nismes, in the true spirit of a bigot, endeavoured to comfort him and the rest by the monstrous, however common assurance, that every man who died, or was wounded, in this holy war, would *ipso facto* be absolved from all his sins. Hearing this, up starts Foucault de Bercy, exclaiming:—

Per Dieu senher naveque de tal razo jutatz
Per que lo bes america e lo mals es doblatz
E es grans meravilha de vos autres letratz
Com senes penedensa solvetz ni perdonatz
Pero si mals fos bes ni mientris veritatatz
Aqui on es orgolhis fora humillitatz
Carieu pas no creiria si nullois non o proatz
Que nullois hom sia dignes si no mor cessatz

Which may be rendered:—"By God, Sir bishop, you talk this way just because our good luck forsakes us, and our ill-luck increases. Great wonder is it to me that you and other learned clerks can pretend to pardon without repentance and without confession. Unless evil were good, and lying truth, pride could never pass for humility. For my part, unless you have better reasons, I will never believe that any dying man can be deserving of heaven if he leave this world without confession." In confession, the grim old warrior included true repentance of heart, and, consequently, all that religion demands as the condition of forgiveness.

Having thus adverted to the design of this poem, we shall illustrate its execution and character by a few extracts.

In more places than one, the author is angry with the great for their backwardness to reward the professors of "the noble art": vagabond jugglers and mountebanks are now better rewarded. "Master William," he tells us, "began this poem at Montauban, where he then happened to be, in the year 1210, in the month of May, when the bushes flourish: and certes, if he had the same good luck as many silly jugglers and pitiful vagabonds, there would not be wanting some true and courteous man to give him a horse or Breton palfrey that he might amble gently along, or some garment of silk,—mayhap a mantle. But seeing how sadly the world is changed for the worse,—how the great, who always ought to be liberal, will no longer give away the value of a button,—I would scorn to ask them for the value of the vilest cinder on their hearths. May the Lord God, who made heaven and earth, confound them! and may his mother St. Mary do the same!"

E si lo lan e mai can florich boicho
Maestro W. la fist a Mont Alba on fo
Certas si el agues aventura o do
Co an mot fol jutjar e mot avol garso
Ja noli degna falhir negus cortes prosmo
Que noli dones caval o palafre breton
Quel portes auvet ambien per lo sablon
O vestimen de seda pall o siscato

Mas tant vezom quel seigles torna en cruzito
Qualh ric home malvatx que devrian esta pro
Que no volon donar lo valen d'un boto
Nieu no lo quier pas lo valen d'un carbo
De la plus avol cendre que sia al fogairro
Domni Dien los cofonda que fetz lo cel et tro
E santa Maria maire.

The atrocities committed by the crusaders are not concealed in this poem. Thus, in regard to the inhabitants of Beziers:—"All were massacred,—even those who fled to the cathedral,—nothing could save them, cross, crucifix, or altar!" He adds, that even of the women and children, not one, as far as he knows, was spared. And in regard to the fortress of Minerva, "many were the rascally heretics, sons of wh—es, and many the silly female misbelievers, whose flesh was made to hiss in the fire." The satisfaction with which this is related, leaves no room for doubt that the author (the first part is now before us) was one of the most intolerant of his party. A cardinal and archbishop, with mitre on head and crosier in hand, is thus made to address the crusaders before Toulouse:—"Lords all, the King of heaven informs you through me that in this city has been lighted the fires of hell, that it is entirely filled with the worst crimes. Among its inhabitants is he who was once its lord; and whose ever warreth against him shall be entitled to the glory of heaven. Ye are about to recover this city, to seize every house; let no one, male or female, escape alive! let every one be slain, in church, in sanctuary, or in hospice! In a secret conclave at Rome, it has been decreed that the sharp wound of death shall pass over all!" In a very different spirit the second part alludes to such atrocities.

The death of De Montfort was a sad blow to the crusaders. "You might hear barons and knights sob under their helmets, and cry aloud, 'God, thou art unjust, in that thou hast permitted the death of the Count, and such a loss to thy own cause! Truly, a fool is he who defends thee, or becomes thy servant, seeing that the Count, who was so good and so valiant, has been killed by a stone, like the worst of thine enemies, and seeing too that thou takest delight in killing thine own!'" Thus the author (it is the second part which is now before us) is not satisfied with making the crusaders ferocious, he represents them also as impious.

One scene more, and we close our notice of this volume. After the inhabitants of a certain town had surrendered to the king of France, the nobles and prelates of the army met in the royal tent to deliberate on the fate of the prisoners. Some were for mercy, others for punishment, and each gave reasons for his vote,—the prelates, however, being generally represented as the advocates of the last penalty. The conclusion was, that great and little, rich and poor, old and young, male and female, should be put to the sword,—a decree which was soon carried into execution. During the awful consultation, where was the supreme judge, the French king?—"seated on a cushion of silk, and playing with his right glove, all embroidered with gold," as if the fate of so many hundreds were unworthy of a serious thought!

In conclusion, though this volume is not for the general reader, it is a valuable accession to our historic and antiquarian knowledge.

THE ANNUALS FOR 1839.

Heath's Picturesque Annual. Versailles.—We are disappointed with this book. If there was ever a subject offering a thousand brilliant points of interest for the Annual-makers, it was surely the palace of Versailles. There is hardly an inch of pavement without, or of *parguet* within,—not a bronze god or goddess—not a *bosquet* in its formal gardens,—but has its anecdotes and associations, and precisely such as

ought to recommend themselves most vividly to those who write for the boudoir public. The historical sketch, of which the letter-press is chiefly made up, though lively and pleasant, is but flimsy. So soon as the writer (M. Janin, we believe,) touches the magic time of Louis Quatorze, he sinks below the required brilliancy; his style degenerates into a bad *rococo*; and every curiosity-monger knows that nothing is so unsatisfactory as the magnificently-artificial, whether in architecture or in literature, when it is attempted,—not accomplished. Moreover, either the editor or corrector of the press has been extremely careless in "doing his spiriting." Among many errors, we are bound to instance a few: thus Béranger for the song-writer; *Luzon* as the courtier aspiring to the hand of La Vallière: such printers' mistakes as Alcinoos, Bourbon, Saint Symon, Lenormand d'Étiolles (for Le Normand d'Étiolles), Perthièvre, &c. &c.; but the climax is the portrait which is allowed to pass forth to the world, bearing the super-scription of the *Empress Maria Antoniette*!

The description of the Palace as it now stands (as different a thing from the old original Versailles, as the reign of the present Louis, whose caricatured head serves as a *presse papier* in the house of so many a zealous Carlist, is from the reign of the Grand Monarque),—occupies but thirty pages at the close of the volume. These, though reasonably pleasant, are no guide to the *Galerie Historique*, nor through the labyrinths of "the fairy land" in which Le Notre drilled Nature, till she took the true courtier's attitude and costume,—which being cumbrously artificial, but not ungraceful, are assuredly more appropriate to the precincts of a French palace, than the most picturesque and artless disorder of turf, foliage, and water. It would be impossible within any limits to point out what has been missed, and what is hurried over. Among the acres of painted rubbish which load the walls of the galleries, there are many spots upon which a person imbued with the spirit of the place (no painter's spirit) must have lingered. Thus, too, among the effigies in the cloisters of sculpture, the Princess Marie's 'Joan' deserved more than ten words; and the two beautiful wives of the Chancellor Du Thou, might have been mentioned, if only for the trite purpose of contrasting them with their husband—the ugliest man of his day.

In our disappointment, which is great, inasmuch as the announcement of this Annual raised our expectations high, its illustrations also have a share. No one, looking at the interior of the chapel, here represented, would fancy it in reality as brilliant a saloon for Millamants to flirt their fans and lisp prayers in, as white and gold can make it—the only other colours being the richest hues of the rainbow spread over the lofty ceiling, in the allegories painted by (Coyvel?)—No one, again, can imagine the *Galerie des Glaces* other than a pale room, if they trust to Mr. Mackenzie's interior—whereas the beauty of that apartment lies in the richness of its tone of colouring, in which porphyry, and bronze, and ornate, and *plafonds* loaded with every brilliant tint, have each a part. In the out-of-door views there is a certain *petitesse*, which does not exist; for instance, the trees of the Paris avenue are made to approach as close to the palace gates as if the *grands et petits écuyers* on either side inclosed the ample *Place*. The best views are those of the Canal of Trianon, the Orangery, and the interior of the Theatre. The prospect from the basin of Latona is but a faithless and modified transcript of the formal compositions of Le Notre. Lastly, the portraits of Mesdames de la Vallière, de Montespan, de Maintenon—if not imaginative, are certainly less lovely in features, and far less characteristic in costume, than others which the *Galerie* would have furnished.

Portraits of the Children of the Nobility, &c.

Second Series.—It must be owned that we of the commonality have good cause to be proud of the natural grace and comeliness of our offspring, if these portraits are to be accepted as fair specimens of the "scions" of the English aristocracy: on the contrary, if the beauty of our English nobility is to remain unimpeached, this work speaks trumpet-tongued against English art and artists, for the portraits may be dismissed *en masse*, as so many "affectations." Even Edwin Landseer, in his picture of Miss Blanche Egerton, has pushed his well known taste for gipsy costume to a point of extravagance bordering upon the frightful; and however clever may be the artistic treatment of his subject, the whole effect is anything but pleasing. The illustrative verse is, of its kind, far better. It has been contributed by Dr. Beattie, Lady Blessington, Barry Cornwall, Henry F. Chorley, the Editress, Mr. James Smith, Mrs. Torre Holme, L. E. L., and Mr. B. D'Israeli. The two last authors have not yet contributed to our Annual anthology, we shall, therefore, give their verses,—the lady's, of course, having precedence:—

The Portrait of the Daughter of the Marquis of Northampton.

BY L. E. L.

Not in a cultured garden dost thou seem,
Fair child! whose hands are filled with early flowers,
But in a woodland glen, where morning's beam
Wakens the beauty of unmurdered bowers.
This may be but the painter's fancy, flinging
The loveliness of nature around art.
It is a lovely fantasy, thus bringing
Sweet links and graces, otherwise apart.
Be it through life an omen! then, fair child!
Keep at thy heart some memory of thy childhood,
When the small buds looked up to thee and smiled
Mid the green mosses of the sheltered wild wood.
Fair art thou! fair—a young and happy creature;
Yet with the falcon in thine eye and smile.
The large clear brow—the high heroic feature
Brought by the stately Nefuman to our isle.
Soon the soft hours of April pass away—
The girl is woman, ere we marked the changing—
Then come the trials of life's after-day.
Grief, joy, and care, the troubled future ranging.
And such must be thine own: no love's devotion
Can keep thee from the measured share
Of common sorrow, and the deep emotion,
With which all struggle, but which all must bear.
Let not these wild scenes utterly depart:
Keep them amid the world with strong endeavour,
With its first freshness cherished at the heart:
Other things may deceive thee:—Nature, never!

The Portraits of the Three Daughters of the Earl of Jersey.

BY B. D'ISRAËLI, ESQ. M.P.

What read those glances? serious and yet sweet,
Seeming to penetrate the mystic veil
That shrouds your graceful future—for 'tis meet
Your lot should be as brilliant as your birth,
Fair daughters of a mother that the earth
Hath ever welcomed with its brightest flowers;
Like the gay princess of the fairy tale.
Whose very steps were roses. Beautiful girls!
Linked in domestic love, like three rare pearls,
Soft and yet precious, when the coming hours
Shall, with a smile that struggles with a tear,
Remove you from the hearth your forms endear,
Your tender eyes shall dwell upon this page,
That tells the promise of your earlier age.

Gems of Beauty, for 1839.—Twelve months since, the *Passions*, by some original process of literary crystallization, were exhibited as 'Gems'; we have now twelve groups of Spanish ladies, with the same far-fetched and fantastic title. Mr. Parris has quitted the work, his place being supplied by various designers, and most of them have wrought better than he used to do. We prefer Mr. Bostock's 'Dejected,' Mr. Cattermole's 'Letrilla' and 'Duenna,' and Mr. Herbert's 'Bull-fight' and 'Serenade,' (allowing in the two latter for a certain formal mannerism,) to any illustrations in previous volumes of the 'Gems.' On the other hand, Mr. Meadows's 'Siesta' is worst among the many bad which disfigure these boudoir books. The illustrative verses, by Lady Blessington, are just what they should be,—sprightly or sentimental trifles. We shall extract one in each mood:—

The Prado.

"Hast thou seen him? Said he nought?
Is my Juan jealous still?—
Men are masters but in thought,
Ruled by woman's secret will."
"O forbear this idle play!
Nor with ardent love coquet;
Shouldst thou lose him....
"Lose him? Nay!
Child! I'll tame his spirit yet!"
"Take my counsel—be more kind."
"Kind!—and spoil a selfish man!"
"Thou may'st live to change thy mind,
As I know thy Juan can!"
"Speak what mean'st thou?"
"Why just now
Waiting—not for fond farewells,
One I saw, whom thou mayst know,
Where our friend Teresa dwells;
Waiting till the Lady came."
"Ah!....
Look round 'neath yonder tree,
O the traitor! Shame, O shame!
Thus to look on aught but me!
Take me hence!—undone!—distracted!—
Outraged!"
"Nay, bethink thee still,
Men are masters but in thought,
Ruled by woman's secret will!"

The Letrilla.

When the knight to battle went,
Leaving her he loved so well,
How the maid grew pale and pined,
None might witness, none could tell.
Weep! the while I sing!
Through the gardens like a ghost
All the evening she would creep;
Tears, not dreams, her pillow strewed,—
Ah! that youth should fail to sleep!
Weep! the while I sing!
Still she hoped—the tower would climb
Whence she saw him ride away—
There to watch for casque and plume,
Glancing in the evening ray.
Weep! the while I sing!
There she watched: but tidings came—
We is me!—by Moorish guile
Fell the knight!—A broken flower
Marks her tomb in Minster aisle!
Weep! my song is done!

A New Theory of the Steam-Engine, and the mode of Calculation by means of it, of the Effective Power, &c. of every kind of Steam-engine, Stationary or Locomotive. By the Chevalier F. M. G. de Pambour. Weale.

A new theory of the earth—the heavens—the solar system—life—light or electricity, or of any of those mystic and ethereal agencies, which, operating invisibly in space or remotely in time, are recognized alone by their indirect and secondary consequences—in subjects such as these, where theory is all we can obtain, and opinion and the powers of abstract conception are the only tests of competency and of probability, and the eloquence of imagination alone pleads at the bar of reason, and the evidence of sense is excluded as incompetent,—there the new theory, like the last new novel or the latest mode, may be expected with each new season, and receive the same summary dismissal; but to meet so old a friend as the steam-engine with a new face,—to find the veteran *machine à vapeur*, served up *à la mode*, by a French restaurateur, *en sauce piquante*,—to find, in fact, that we, jog-trot, unsentimental Englishmen, have all this time been stupidly steaming along through life, satisfied with the antiquated practices of such mechanical beings as Watt, and Boulton, and Lowther, and Ivory, and Farey, and Tredgold, and Stevenson, Wood, and Lardner, in contented ignorance of all the principles and evolutions of matter and fire, which turn our machinery, navigate our ships, and fly away with our carriages, until at length, in the fulness of time, the chivalrous De Pambour has been dropped down upon our island, for the purpose of revealing to us all the hidden mysteries of that mighty mechanism, whose evolutions we have hitherto so marvellously misconceived; to find that, with all our fancied knowledge and familiar acquaintance with the habits and manners of this old friend, we should

all the time have remained in utter ignorance of the very first principles and constitution of its mechanism, and that we are to commence *de novo*, to receive from the profundities of the *calcul* of De Pambour the elements of our education in steam-engines. This is, indeed, a wonder,—a discovery of the first order,—an era in science, from which we are to date the commencement of all true mechanical knowledge. We shall detain this high and mighty genius no longer in the ante-room, but usher him forthwith into the presence chamber.

The Chevalier F. M. G. DE PAMBOUR, Knight of the Royal Order of the Legion of Honour, late of the Royal Artillery, on the Staff of the French Service, &c. &c. &c., was, as he tells us, early devoted to other pursuits, being the son of a general of artillery, and descended from a long line of military ancestors; but having, in these "piping times of peace," no better mode of keeping his hand in practice, he determined on an irruption into this country. In the erratic course of this follower of the knight of La Mancha, he has commenced his attack, not like his great prototype upon the windmills of the country, but upon the knights of the fiery steeds—the engineers of the locomotive engines; and after having in his former campaign, as he thinks, obtained a signal and complete victory over them, he has now laid siege to the stationary and hitherto impregnable fortress of Boulton, Watt & Co. In plain terms, M. de Pambour tells us "that the theory of the steam-engine has not yet been explained." It was natural, he says, to suppose, that respecting a machine at present in such universal use, and on a subject of such importance, everything had been said, and every explanation given long ago. So far from this being the case, "not even the mode of action of the steam in these engines has been elucidated;" and he adds, that "in the absence of such indispensable knowledge, all theoretical calculations were impossible,—suppositions were put in the place of facts." Not only was our knowledge of first principles thus defective, until the day when (auspicious moment for this lone island!) De Pambour visited England, but even the manufacture of steam-engines,—the practical "art of constructing them has proceeded in the dark." "An analytical equation," he adds, "that might be adapted to solve the general problem of locomotive engines, was entirely wanting." Alas! for the degraded state of the arts in that country, where the processes of rivetting boilers, turning axles and planing slides, were still carried on by the materialism of hammers and chisels, and lathes and planes, instead of being carried on by the noiseless mechanism of a transcendental calculus, and the analytical equations of the locomotive engine.

The whole theory of the Chevalier's hallucination, is his ignorance of the subject on which he writes, and his still slighter acquaintance with the real state of knowledge amongst the scientific and practical men of this country. His theory is like the whole subject, new to himself, and, therefore, he imagines it is so to others.

The great fundamental principles, the discovery of which is of such infinite importance to this country, and to the fame of the Chevalier de Pambour, are—(1.) That an engine cannot use more steam than its boiler supplies to it! (2.) That the force of steam in the cylinder must be equal to the pressure it overcomes!! These are the two great principles which he demonstrates and illustrates with irresistible force and clearness; and he says, with triumph, these facts "alone expose all the theory of the steam-engine, and in a manner lay its play open"!!! From these he therefore proceeds to deduce all the working formulae of the steam-engine.

The radical error, as he remarks, of the old school is this: (1.) That they have proceeded to calculate the power of the engine independent of the capability of the boiler to feed it, and that they have thus supposed the capabilities of the boiler to be unlimited. (2.) They have erred in taking for granted that "the pressure of the steam against the piston or in the cylinder is the same as the pressure of the steam in the boiler; whereas we shall presently see, that the pressure in the cylinder may be sometimes equal to that of the boiler, sometimes not the half, or even the third of it, and that it depends on the resistance overcome by the engine." They thus, as he remarks, make the power of the engine altogether independent of vaporization, of velocity, and of resistance, and depending only upon the dimensions of the cylinder.

For the information of the Chevalier de Pambour, we request him to read 'Farey on the Steam Engine'—a work with which he appears to have no acquaintance. And for his further guidance, and the information of any who have been led to suppose that the engineers of this country are so very ignorant of the subject of the steam-engine as the Chevalier represents, we shall shortly state the principles on which the calculation of the effect of steam in a steam-engine proceeds.

In the first place, they determine the best velocity for the motion of the piston corresponding to the pressure they intend to use, and as there is only one such velocity which is best, they adhere to that; they then calculate the dimensions of the cylinder capable of overcoming the given resistance on the piston with that given velocity, and they do not consider the power of the boiler at all in calculating the power of the engine, for this very sufficient reason, that they have a different rule for calculating what size of boiler will be required to furnish the full amount of steam which such an engine shall consume; and they therefore take for granted that no boiler will be used that is incapable of giving out this supply; and they take care to form their pipes, and passages, and valves between the boiler and cylinder in such a manner as to have a pressure in the cylinder almost exactly equal to that in the boiler, or otherwise to have a steam gauge on the steam pipe at the entrance of the steam into the cylinder. By self-regulating apparatus, the boiler is made to give out exactly the quantity of steam required by the engine, and thus the calculation is rendered wholly dependent on what the engine requires, and wholly independent of the evaporating power of the boiler, which latter forms the absurd basis of the theory of the Chevalier de Pambour.

The calculation thus gives the full power of the steam-engine; but British engineers also calculate the actual power which an engine may be giving out at every degree of exertion, from merely turning itself up, to moving its maximum load. If the chivalrous De Pambour had visited the intelligent engineers of Manchester, Cornwall, Birmingham, or Glasgow, he would have found them using an instrument far superior to anything he has ever dreamt of for the purpose of obtaining the data of such calculations. The Steam Engine Indicator, which is applied to the interior of the cylinder itself, and records, for the use of the engineer, the actual pressure and density of steam at every instant of each stroke, both on the boiler and the condenser side of the piston; and it is from the indications which that instrument gives of the partial pressure of vapour, which even on the boiler side is sometimes far below the pressure of the atmosphere, that British engineers obtain accurate measures of the friction of their engines, and of the varying powers they may exert up to their maximum capabilities. Of the very existence of such an

instrument, and of the corresponding methods of calculation, M. de Pambour appears entirely ignorant.

It would be a useless waste of paper to follow out the exposure in detail of the various assumptions of the ignorance and folly on the part of British engineers, which alone could give this "New Theory" any claim to our examination. We have studied the Chevalier's papers, both in the *Institute Royale* and in the work now before us, patiently and attentively; and the result of our research has been, that this Theory of De Pambour contains much that is new, and much that is true, but "that which is new is not true, and that which is true is not new."

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Only Daughter, a Domestic Tale, edited by the Author of 'The Subaltern.'—According to recent usage, Mr. Gleig here undertakes the sponsorship of the first literary attempt of a young friend; but, and this is not at all according to usage—'The Only Daughter' is a novel good enough to have appeared without a puff laudatory, by way of preface. The tale, however, is too delicate, too gentle, its human nature too much idealized, to reach any very eminent popularity. Ruth Annesley, the heroine, who sacrifices her life's happiness to secure that of her friend, is beautifully and consistently drawn, though a tone above nature; but such exaggeration speaks so well for the young authoress, that we cannot wish the tale improved, at the expense of her high and noble feelings. She has contrived, and by no extravagant artifice, to interest us for Colonel Faulconbridge, the man of two loves; and to make Helen, the winner of the prize, less insipid and uninteresting than such fortunate personages usually are. The scenes in the latter's sick room, and at her wedding, are touched with a quiet truth and power which augurs well for the future career of the writer. We may add, that no novel ever came before us more strictly unexceptionable in every word and thought than 'The Only Daughter.'

The Lost Evidence, by Hannah D. Burdon, author of 'Seymour of Sudley.'—This is a well-written and interesting romance. Miss Burdon is capable of conducting a story from its commencement to its close, without having recourse to trickery in her dialogue, to sentimentality in her pathetic scenes, to melodramatic exaggeration in her situations of suspense and terror; and her characters, though too much constructed upon the parsimonious scale of one solitary virtue or vice to each person, are at least consistent in their progressive actions, and never outrage propriety. The time is the year 1570—the place, first the good city of Ghent—secondly, that district of Northern England rendered classical by 'Marmion' and the 'Hermit of Warkworth.' The story opens with a young Englishman, who has been summoned to the death-bed of one Roger Forster, an old miser, resident in Ghent, to hear a confession concerning the murder of his father; in which the expiring man had been implicated; he dies, however, in the midst of his confession, leaving the clue of the mystery incomplete by one circumstance, which is 'the lost evidence.' Witherington is then thrown into the household of one Mr. Savile (in reality a Mr. Ogle), whose fortunes also are implicated with those of his own family—for our hero's father-in-law, the plotting Lord Dacres, at that precise juncture insists upon Savile engaging in negotiations with the Duke of Alva; and the messenger by whom such a command is sent, takes the opportunity of Savile's enforced absence to plot against the security and honour of his daughter (the heroine), with such chance of success, that Edith's only hope of security lies in her escaping from Ghent under Witherington's guidance. The whole of this escape is excellently told, in particular the scenes at Sporer's house, which would do credit to a veteran in the art of exciting suspense and interest. At last, Bertram and Edith reach England, where Witherington discovers that the hold maintained by Lord Dacres over Ogle lies in his power of denouncing the latter as the long-sought murderer. It is presently manifest that this power rests on a false ground, and that Dacres himself was the assassin—but whether such discovery leads to the salvation

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of ruin of the innocent is more than we are bound to
struggle. Enough to say that the intrigue is cleverly
laid, and solved with a reasonable dexterity. We
should have shown our readers the stern Lady Dacres
—her double-faced husband—or Allie Cleghorn
(one of the weird sisters common so near the border)
—and we found a scene in which they figure, com-
pensible within our limits. A like reason compels us
to leave untouched the arrival of Ogle at the "hostel"
at Morpeth (vol. ii. p. 106 to 128) which we had
marked for extract; but we may commend the book
to all old-fashioned novel-readers.

Ada: a Tale, by Camilla Needham.—The well-
intentioned authoress states, in her preface, a con-
viction that there are "two distinct species of novels
now chiefly in vogue: the one calculated to spread
folly and mischief, the other to purify the morals
and amend the heart;" and that, regretting the small
number of the latter species, she has contributed her
mite towards the good cause, by publishing "Ada,"
—a tale relating the heart-wanderings and heart-suf-
ferings of a beautiful but coquetish girl. We may
commend it as devoid of affectation, pleasantly writ-
ten, and, in short, "warrant it harmless." More, in
justice, we could not say in its praise.

Hore Viaticæ, by the author of "Mela Britannicus."
—This is the production of the learned leisure of one
who seems to have possessed more learning and more
leisure, than he has known what to do with; but of
one who had not the power of fruitifying either into
utility. As the want of this faculty does not neces-
sarily exclude amiability, we shall only add, that
the author will find our opinion of the volume very
plainly set forth in the balance of his debtor and
creditor account with his publishing agent.

Geraldine, a Sequel to Coleridge's Christabel, with
other Poems, by Martin Farquhar Tupper.—Milton,
who could hardly have failed in whatever it pleased
him to undertake, contented himself in a moment of
hazy and aspiration, with wishing but to
—call up him who left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold;

Mr. Tupper, more audacious, conceives himself capable
of completing the mystery left unfinished by the
"old man eloquent;" and, for "sequel to Christabel,"
complacently publishes "the pleasant labours of a
very few days." Now this savours of such pretension
as absolves us from any peculiar reserve, in
pronouncing "Geraldine" to be a failure, as feeble
as it is ambitious. Mr. Tupper is not without poetical
power, but unless modesty and self-knowledge
temper aspiration, a little genius is but a profitless
gift. The best things among the miscellaneous verses
which follow "Geraldine," are the Contrasted Sonnets,
of which we shall give a specimen.

Nature.

I strayed at evening to a sylvan scene
Dimpling with nature's smile the stern old mountain,
A shady dingle, quiet, cool, and green,
Where the moss'd rock poured forth its natural fountain,
And hazels clustered there, with fern between,
And feathery meadow-sweet shed perfume round,
And the pink crocus pierc'd the jewelled ground;
Then was I calm and happy: for the voice
Of nightingales unseen in tremulous lays
Taught me with innocent gladness to rejoice,
And tuned my spirit to unformal praise:
So, among silver'd moths, and closing flowers,
Gambolling hares, and rooks returning home,
And strong-wing'd chafers setting out to roam,
In careless peace I passed the soothing hours.

Art.

The massy fane of architecture olden,
Or fretted minarets of marble white,
Or Moorish arabesque, begemm'd and golden,
Or porcelain Pagoda, typ'd with light,
Or high-span'd arches—were a noble sight;
Nor less yon gallant ship, that treads the waves
In a triumphant silence of delight,
Like some huge swan, with its fair wings unfur'd,
Whose curv'd sides the laughing water laves,
Bearing its buoyant o'er the liquid world:
Nor less yon silken monster of the sky
Around whose wicker car the clouds are cur'd,
Helping undaunted man to scale on high
Nearer the sun than eagles dare to fly;
Thy trophies these,—still but a modest part
Of thy grand conquests, wonder-working Art.

Country.

Most tranquil, innocent, and happy life,
Full of the holy joy chaste nature yields,
Redeem'd from care, and sin, and the hot strife
That rings around the smok'd unwholesome dome
Where mighty Mammon his black sceptre holds,—
Here let me rest in humble cottage home,
Here let me labour in the enamell'd fields:
How pleasant in these ancient woods to roam
With kind-eyed friend, or kindly-teaching book;
Or the fresh gallop on the dew-dropt heath,

Or at fair eventide with feathered hook
To strike the swift trout in the shallow brook,
Or in the bower to twine the jacinth wreath,
Or at the earliest blush of summer morn
To trim the bed, or turn the new-mown hay,
Or pick the perfum'd hop, or reap the golden corn!
So should my peaceful life all smoothly glide away.

Town.

Enough of lanes, and trees, and valleys green,
Enough of briary wood, and hot chalk-down,
I hate the startling quiet of the scene,
And long to hear the gay glad hum of town:
My garden be the garden of the Graces,
Flowers full of smiles, with fashion for their queen,
My pleasant fields be crowds of joyous faces,
The brilliant rout, the concert, and the ball,—
These be my joys in endless carnival!
For I do loathe that sickening solitude,
That childish hunting-up of flies and weeds,
Or worse, the company of rustic rude,
Whose only hopes are bound in clouds and seeds:
Out on it! let me live in town delight,
And for your tedious country-mornings bright
Give me gay London with its noon and night.

Strictures on A Life of Wilberforce, &c., by Thomas
Clarkson.—*Refutation of the Mistratements and Cal-
umnies contained in Mr. Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter
Scott, respecting the Messrs. Ballantyne*, by the Trustee
and Son of the late Mr. James Ballantyne.—
These are to us very painful works; and it is with
great reluctance that we have brought ourselves to
notice them: but in justice to the complaining parties
we must acknowledge, that both have made out their
case to our satisfaction. That injustice was done to
Clarkson we never entertained a doubt: indeed, we
are among those who, if the question is to be raised
as to the relative merit of the parties, are of opinion,
that Clarkson outweighed Wilberforce a hundred
fold; for the one had his reward even by anticipation,
and was always before the public, and cheered on by
its applauding voice; while the other toiled on his
weary and lonely way, with no spur to prick the sides
of his intent but an approving conscience. Mr. Ball-
antyne also has, it appears to us, settled the question
as against Sir Walter's biographer: although it is
somewhat difficult to disentangle the truth from a
huge mass of involved figures and unsettled accounts:
still his statement appears to us so conclusive, that
we regret that he is not more temperate in his cen-
sure.

Spectacle Secrets, by George Cox.—It is a great
misfortune that the boldest and the best of our species
find it difficult to emancipate themselves from the
trammels of the age and nation in which they live,
and to abstain altogether from "howling with the
wolves:" but it is a still greater evil that the mere
pretence of being wiser or better than one's neigh-
bours, is the shortest possible method to pass for
being worse. Jealousy, once awakened, is not easily
put to sleep again, and if self-love did not take
offence at every pretension to superiority, the advo-
cate of reform would still be the first victim of the
suspicions he had himself excited. It is this that
makes the reformer's "part a sad one;" and we
have a case in point before us. Mr. Cox is a reformer,
—a reformer of spectacles, and of the fools and rogues
who buy and sell spectacles. The information which
his little book contains, is really very good, and very
applicable to the instruction, both of the short-sighted,
who never reflect before they buy, and of the very
long-sighted, who from excess of cunning in the
search of great bargains, are, like our friend Moses
in the Vicar of Wakefield, open to very gross im-
positions, in the matter of spectacles, and their very
chagrin cases. Still, however, while we bear willing
testimony to the general merits of the book, we
cannot so far expel the old Adam of our nature, as
not to entertain some little suspicion that the Maître
Josse who wrote it is himself a vender of spectacles,
and, in turning a spy on the villanous of the trade, is
only taking a sly and more roundabout mode, in the
words of an English dramatist, of "asking custom for
the shop" of which he is the master. Be this, how-
ever, as it may, those who are not opticians or oculists
will do well to read the book, before they commit
themselves in the purchase of glasses either from
itinerant or stationary quacks. But this is not all:
though a simple monograph of the frauds of one trade,
the book may be generalized into a "manual of the
whole art of puffing," and an exposure of the silly
credulity of the public in all its branches. The
instances indeed which Mr. Cox narrates of tricks
practised on the unwary, would be humorous if they
were not so humiliating: for the learned and the

professional classes furnish their contingents of cred-
ulity, as well as the uneducated. Mr. Cox also
discloses some of the machinery of newspaper puffing,
in a way which almost tempts us to claim it as "our
thunder;" it is so much in unison with our published
opinions on the subject.

*Sowerby's new edition of English Botany, and Baz-
ter's British Flowering Plants*.—These two cheap and
excellent works for students of our wild plants, con-
tinue to appear with regularity. The former has
already reached the 111th plate of species, and the
latter the 292nd of genera.

Leighton's Flora of Shropshire, Part I., is the com-
mencement of a systematical account of the plants
of that county, arranged according to the Linnean
classification. The work is carefully and critically
executed, as might be expected from so assiduous a
practical naturalist as Mr. Leighton, and will doubtless
be a useful guide to the botanists of the west of
England.

List of New Books.—The Only Daughter, 3 vols. post
8vo. 31s. 6d. cl.—Bernays' Key to the First Book of Schiller's
Thirty Years' War, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—Mansel's Demons of
the Wind, 12mo. 5s. cl.—The Naturalist's Album, or Diary
of the Seasons, 16mo. 2s. 6d.—Gardiner's Music and Friends,
2 vols. 8vo. 24s. cl.—Memoirs of the Wernerian Natural
History Society, Vol. VII. 18s. bds.—Minstrel Melodies,
18mo. 5s. cl.—Tales of Enterprise, square, 2s. 6d. cl.—
Dreghora's Readiest Ready Reckoner, 32mo. 1s. bds.—
Galbraith's Piece Goods Calculator, 12mo. 1s. 6d. bds.—The
People's Library of Christian Authors, No. 1. "Book of
Family Prayer," royal 8vo. 1s. 6d. swd.—Bush's Notes on
the Books of Joshua and Judges, 12mo. 6s. cl.—Jones's
Memoir of Mrs. S. L. Taylor, 12mo. 6s. cl.—Abel's Mis-
sionary Convention at Jerusalem, 8vo. 6s. cl.—The Book of
the United States, 8vo. 18s. bds.—Laennec's Manual of
Auscultation, 18mo. new edit. 3s. cl.—The Anatomical Re-
membrancer, 2nd edit. 32mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Conversations on
the Life of Christ, new edit. 16mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Barwell's
Sunday Lessons for Little Children, 2nd edit. 16mo. 2s. 6d.
cl.—What have I been about? by a Lady, 2nd edit. 2s. 6d.
cl.—Neuman and Barrett's Spanish Dictionary, new edit.
pearl, 8s. bds.—The Game Act, 1 & 2 Will. 4, and Night
Poaching Act, 12mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Lardner's Cabinet
Cyclopedia, Vol. CIX.—Swainson's Reptiles, Vol. I.,
fc. 6s. cl.—Domestic Hints, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.

[ADVERTISEMENT].—Now ready, price 6s. 6d., DR.
TAYLORS NEW WORK, ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BIBLE,
and CONFIRMATIONS OF SACRED HISTORY, from the
EGYPTIAN MONUMENTS. The volume is illustrated by
Ninety-three Engravings. C. Tilt, London.

THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM, AT MALTA.

[THE account here given of this celebrated church
is sufficiently minute to gratify architects and anti-
quarians, and the account of the Signorina and her
faldetta will not be read without interest by artists
and novel-readers. It is translated from a late Mal-
tese paper, and is professedly a scene from an un-
published novel, entitled 'The Last Days of the
Knights of Malta.' Our readers will doubtless recollect
the reference made by a correspondent (*Athen.*
No. 519) to the mosaic pavement of this church—
the church founded by the Order, in which the knights
worshipped in life and reposed in death. This pave-
ment of sepulchral stones is, it appears, about to be
lithographed by Mr. Caruana, a Maltese artist, whose
advertisement will be found in another page.]

I know of nothing more touching than the sight
of a Maltese girl, going at early morning, with devout
air, modestly concealed in her dark vestments, to the
Church of St. John. Her dress has a romantic char-
acter peculiarly its own. A black petticoat covers,
from the waist downwards, the simple dress she wears
in the house: the sort of black silk mantilla, which
in these last fifty years has assumed a very singular
form, and is called the faldetta, is a kind of zen-
dale, one side of which she puts over her head, so
that the middle, gathered in small folds, is on the
left side of her neck, while the other falls gracefully
over her shoulders; one corner hangs down below
her knees, and the other but just reaches to her
waist, and discloses the right sleeve of her coloured
dress. The edge which covers her head has a slight
whalebone in it, and, under the arch it forms, a
face may be seen, which, beneath this sombre hood,
appears like a star in the dark vault of heaven. Eyes,
blacker than the silk of the faldetta, gleam like
the lucciola darting amidst the deep shadows of
a thicket. At times their rapid glances, followed by
a modest drooping of the eyelashes, remind one of a
pair of coal-black horses, ready to bound off, swift as
the winds, if not restrained by the hand which governs

them. The Maltese girl hastens to the church with light and graceful step, gathering her faldetta around her. She has now reached the piazza in front of the great church, and reverently ascends the steps of the sanctuary. She does not once raise her eyes, unless perhaps to look at the clock in the right-hand tower; the rare work of the artist, Clerici. On it are shown, in three different circles, the hour, the day of the week, and the day of the month; a contrivance which I do not remember to have seen anywhere else, and which is a great blessing to scatterbrains like me. Look! the clock now points to 6 in the morning, Friday, the 9th of June.

Examine the front of the church. Two rows of Tuscan pilasters, the upper supporting the great frontispiece, on the top of which is the cross of Malta; the lower, surrounding the platform on which the Grand Master, the moment after his election, showed himself to the assembled multitude, constitute the façade, on each side of which rise two towers, with dwarf spires, so low as not to present a mark to the enemy's cannon-balls in case of siege. Two buildings of equal length, with double rows of windows, form the wings; of which the right was the residence of the Grand Prior of the Order, the left the repository of the sacred ornaments and vestments. The building appears like an attempted imitation of the heavy Roman architecture, by the artists of the sixteenth century. And now let us enter, and the scene changes its aspect. Here Cassar shows himself to be the great architect he really was, and the worthy executor of the sublime conception of Grand-Master Cassiere.

At first entrance, the solemn majesty of the great middle aisle expands the soul, and raises it towards heaven. Six large gilded arches form the vault of the nave, and are supported by gigantic pillars of green marble, which rise lightly from twelve massive pilasters, of which they form a part. From these pilasters, which are ornamented in the intervals with an intaglio of gilded arabesques, spring, in the opposite direction, arches, which surmount the different chapels, one of which was assigned by the first general Chapter to each of the Langues of the Order. Everything in this church breathes grandeur and magnificence, and its various parts form a vast whole of wonderful symmetry. Cast your eyes upwards, and they wander amazed through the roof, peopled with figures representing the birth of Christianity, and the deeds of its venerable precursor. You behold him, in each compartment, surrounded with glory, preparing the way for the Redeemer of the world. Such were the works of the masterly pencil of the Calabrese.

And now bow down your head, filled with religious thoughts, and another wonderful spectacle presents itself. Hundreds of sepulchral stones, which relate the valiant deeds of those sons of kings and princes who reared the cross triumphant above the crescent. The high-born gentleman of every Christian land, however distant, may here find some one of his lineage, and may drop a tear on the grave of an ancestral kinsman. The whole pavement is one vast mosaic, executed in the most beautiful designs, with marbles of a hundred different colours, polished like a mirror, and recounting the story of the triumph of Christianity over Islam. Now turn to the interior of the chapels, and you will behold the splendid monuments of those Grand Masters who rendered the most signal services to the Order: there, in fine mosaic, is the portrait of the acute politician, Emanuel Pinto; farther on, in bronze is the noble head of Nicholas Cottonner, who built the gigantic fortifications around the Three Cities, and bequeathed them his name. Proceed to the Chapel of the Virgin: there gleam the massive silver gates, which enclose it; on each side are inscriptions, also on silver tablets, from which hang two ponderous and rusty keys—the keys of the gates of Rhodes. The great golden lamp, which once ornamented this chapel, is gone.† In front, in the centre of the magnificent tribune, is the high altar composed of the finest marbles, and in the choir behind it, under a large niche formed by the seventh arch of the nave, is the image of the presiding spirit of the temple,—John, pouring on the head of Jesus the waters of baptism.

We must turn back and visit the oratory of

† The French plundered the Church of St. John of an immense quantity of the precious metals.

the Knights. This oratory, now the Chapel of our Saviour, lies on the right of the church-door, and on the altar, where now stands the crucifix with the two Marys, was formerly offered to the devotion of the faithful the most ancient of all the holy relics—the arm and hand of St. John. It was given by Bajazet to the Grand Master, D'Aubusson, of Rhodes, whence it was brought and placed in a large and splendid ostensory, supported by two beautiful angels, carved in silver by the Cavaliere Bernini. This may still be seen in the sacristy of the church. But why is it empty? and where is the sacred relic?

Bonaparte visited the church, and wished to see the relic: he had the ostensory opened, and, remarking on the fore-finger a beautiful diamond ring, he took it off that venerable hand, put it on his own, and said, "It looks better here." He gave the hand thus despoiled to Grand Master Hompesch, who, at his departure, had the consolation of carrying it away with him to his own country. He presented it to the Emperor of Russia, in whose possession it still remains.

This chapel also contains a picture calculated to make the deepest impression on all who study the works of those great artists who sought to glorify the religion of Christ. I speak of the Decapitation of St. John, the finest—I think I may say—of Caravaggio's paintings. Would that we could draw aside the veil with which smoke and dust have covered it, and show it to our readers in all its beauty. * * *

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

The Dresden Picture Gallery.

I propose, as said in my last letter, to give the reader a "brief analysis of the principal pictures," without attempting a full and regular account of the whole collection. Besides my incompetence to anything but a sketch, I have already hinted that the collection divides itself into two classes—a few first-rate works, and a number of very subordinate—in other terms, a few worth particular notice, and the rest not. Why bend four tree-tops to tear a butterfly asunder, or anatomize a *Gerard Lairesse*, or a *Cavaliere Luti*, with less in them than in a beau's head or coquette's heart to repay the trouble of dissection? Nay, to what better end than the consumption of stationery, and time valuable at least for dozing, should I describe a gross of third-rate Rubenses, or master-pieces of Luca Giordano? Then there are dozens of dead reputations, such as the Menges, the Dietrichs, the Angelica Kaufmans, upon whom, after having met so natural a fate, an *inquisitio post mortem* would be quite superfluous. The collection, too, is rank with *Flower-pieces*, *Fruit-stalls*, *Dead game*; there are ten *Van Heems*, and as many *Abraham Mignons*. Of the fifty-two *Wouvermans* I did not see more than two of special merit, nor were those as good as a London cit might have in his back-parlour, or a spinning-jenny connoisseur at his villa. Among the thirty-two *Felvet Breughels* I found none to wonder at so much as others I am tired of wondering at elsewhere. Innumerable German *unknowns*, and Flemish and French painters who ought to be nameless, stock the walls with their importunate daubs, instead of leaving a grateful expanse of wainscot whereon to refresh the eyesight. But these poor limners were not in fault; 'twas their royal patrons, those crowned perukes who thought they had raised a monument to their fine taste when they filled palaces with rubbish. There are, however, our six good pictures at all events; let us come to them.

Raffaël's 'Madonna di San Sisto' was perhaps the noblest easel-picture in the world: like a dilapidated pyramid, the ruins alone bespeak its former sublimity. But though much defaced, it is not altogether swept off the canvas. Defaced, I say, because cognoscenti being at variance,† an amateur's voice is free on this subject: and *fact*, an able second, I have since found to support my opinion, formed on first sight of the painting. It appears that one *Palmaroli*—let the name be held forth to immortal detestation by all lovers of Art!—one *Palmaroli*, an Italian picture-quack, recurred to the *knife* for cleaning, i. e. peeling off the original, scarifying the victim: he moreover *harmonized* its colours after the present Italian taste, which is still frigidier than the worst

* Dr. Waagen, of Berlin, and Professor Vogel, of Dresden, on whose judgments I have everything short of implicit reliance, gave me precisely opposite opinions.

French, and doubly as garish.† The effect, when I came before it, was a presage of this account: my expectations were great, and the mere shock of disappointment drove me back ten paces, as if I had struck my forehead against a stone wall in the dark. Raffaël was not a fine colourist, but when do his productions give a shivering-fit to the fervour of enthusiasm? I have seen various of his works superficially unattractive enough; none which made my blood curdle by their crudeness; and am persuaded he never left any one, finished or not, in so miserable a plight as that to which *Palmaroli* has reduced the *Madonna di San Sisto*. Still the deeper merit, the internal divinity of the picture, remains: much of the general sentiment has evaporated with the tone, much vanished in the sunken shadows, perhaps more behind the muddy veil drawn over parts by the "harmonizer": still Raffaël's illustrious genius shines through, and, like some bright angelic presence, seems to make the worshipper glow in its own radiant sphere. An altar was consecrated at Piacenza by the sainted Pope Sixtus, and far more by this picture: hence its title. A loftier, and perhaps no less apposite, name for it, would be the *Transfiguration of the Virgin*, as probable a legend as painting has often rendered illustrious, if not rational; and a counterpart in similarity of composition to Raffaël's other grand work, the *Transfiguration of Christ*. Müller's engraving makes particular description unnecessary, and, I would add, a particular visit also; for the original does not now realize the expectation of it formed from the print. Müller only omits, with more luck than purpose, the bent curtain-bar atop; as it was lapt back out of sight till lately, and re-appears just beneath the frame, giving the unpleasant look of a second upper edge to the picture. Those who admire Murillo's gipsy madonnas may see how very possible it is to be plain-bred, yet not vulgar, from Raffaël's delineation of the Virgin. Nothing can exceed her majesty, beauty, grace, though suggesting, as she ever ought, the Carpenter's Wife: there is a shade of rusticity about her expression, her form, and even the sublime air with which she treads the clouds, that has always struck me as most befitting and characteristic of her humble condition. Not the colossal "mother of a hundred gods," like Buonarroti's madonnas, nor the affected dandler of a puppet like Carlo Maratti's; but the simple village woman, equal to the homeliest occupations, yet dignified by a sense of her high function. The little-Christ in her arms has its eyes somewhat unevenly set, perhaps to give a look of inspiration, and perhaps moreover strengthened into a white squint by awkward retouchment or enlivenment of the pupils. St. Sisto is portrait-like, St. Barbe more ideal. The two semi-angels leaning on the lower frame-piece, and looking up to their celestial Master, are among similar creations of Raffaël, which may prove him, according to the common dogma, "not as good a painter of children as Domenichino or Titian," but certainly prove him a far better painter of cherubs than either—than any artist, save Fra Beato. It has been conjectured that this picture was meant, not for an altarpiece, but a procession-banner: from its being on canvas, seldom used by Roman and Tuscan painters of the time; from the whole group being elevated in air, and no earth-ground visible; as also from the action of the two side figures, St. Barbe recommending the crowd to look up in adoration, St. Sisto the Virgin to look down in compassion. Assuredly, however, a pair of curtains on a rod are more like earth than sky furniture; and evidently the two Saints could recommend a crowd in both ways mentioned, as well if the picture were placed on a church wall as on procession poles. I leave it with Messrs. Bommor, Waagen, Vogel, &c. to decide whether such considerations are any set-off against the verisimilitude of their theory.

Correggio's St. George has been scoured to the same merciless degree as Raffaël's Madonna: it is now harsher than French fresco, from the beautiful glaze that once mellowed and toned it being skinned off the whole surface, till it looks as raw and repulsive as St. Bartholomew after his martyrdom. For my own part, I do not so much regret the destruction of this picture, which could never have enchanted me if seen through a rainbow of transparent colour.

† Vide Rumohr's 'Italienische Forschungen,' vol. iii. p. 131.

It is affectation throughout. Grace is Correggio's forte, the most dangerous of perfections. Here it slides into the miserable art of a posture-master: while we find all the faults of the artist aggregated and exaggerated. The figures are taught to set like so many pointers, with little or no object; the faces are made to smile all round like a circle of wax dolls. St. George writhes himself, by way of exceeding grace, as if he were in the agonies of the Great Dragon under his feet. Michaelangelo often tortors the waving line to obtain grandeur, Correggio breaks it on the wheel to obtain elegance: we can better endure sublimity to be vitiated than beauty. In the present work Lanzi detects much of Mantegna's style: both are outré; there is, however, this great difference, that Mantegna's affectation comes from uncultured taste, Correggio's from corrupted; Mantegna was advancing towards the true point of grace, Correggio leaving it more and more behind. His St. George stands among his later efforts. False sentiment pervades the picture. Though its subject is religious, Virgin, Child, Angel, Saint, all have the stytic leer and peeping eye proper to a bacchanal congress: if, as Mengs says, "the parts are taken from nature," it must have been nature in one of those burlesque moods, when about to "wear a universal grin"—every mouth being drawn into a horseshoe. Below, certain lubberly cherubs play tricks with pieces of armour: aloft, the Bambino is titillated by a Saint with the sight of a toy-church: nothing solemn, nothing simple, every action irreverent, and the whole composition huddled. From defect of foreshortening, or disappearance of shadows, the Virgin seems to have no medial developments, but to consist of head, legs, and shoulders only; the effect is repulsive, like that of a *lusus nature*. I think it right to mention the general esteem in which the critics hold this picture: Lanzi alleges its *morbiditas* and ultimate perfection—before its being washed and mangled by the cleaner.

A second Correggio likewise takes its name, the St. Sebastian, from one of the principal figures. I cannot explain Mengs's peal of compliments on a work, however good, yet by no means proof against censure, unless as the rhetoric of a foolish fanaticism, very distinct from right enthusiasm—being an enthusiasm not for perfect art but for a particular artist. Indeed, unmitigated eulogium upon almost any human work must be suspicious. Would I could say the same of unmitigated condemnation! Perhaps the principles of criticism have become purer and stricter, now that the antique Masters are more known, the Greek marbles more numerous, and now that Artificiality, however refined, is ranked but as half-sister to the Graces. Be this as it may, Correggio cannot long keep his present ground, except as a mighty chiaroscuroist and a manipulative painter. I admit the St. Sebastian a good deal restored and injured thereby; yet less than the St. George. To my feeling, however, its composition, which must have been always the same, is radically defective; though geometrical, as frequent with Correggio (forming almost a regular pentagon inside a hexagon), it perplexes like a medley; it has an effect at once crowded and scattered, being a pie of innumerable limbs, and a broken mirror of as many lights. Nevertheless, it is considered a masterpiece of clair-obscur! I could not see this. The eye wanders over its surface, like the dove over the deluge, without being able to find one spot for repose. I should suppress as opinion so heterodox, but that the due reverence for our artist seems to have degenerated into a blind idolatry. As for the sentiment, here again is the eternal horseshoe mouth and puckered eye—altogether out of place, and the whole tone of the picture far too gay in an assemblage of sanctified personages—particularly where one among them, St. Sebastian, endures martyrdom; another, St. Roch, lies *plague-stricken*, and the work represents or refers to a depredation of the Pest. Surely, under such circumstances, it was as heartless as inappropriate to introduce smirking cherubim and a jocund Madonna? The little Puck-like angel holding a baby church, of which there is a celebrated sketch at the Pitti, throws a laugh over the whole canvas! But Correggio's taste was essentially mythological, and he should never have painted anything but Fauns and Bacchantes, and Cupids, and Olympian Revellers. His famous cupola at Parma is a pictorial dithyrambic—

full of wild-eyed, loose-haired, Menad forms, and flat-nosed merry-makers, performing a buoyant orgy to the sound of pipe and tabor, as the Corybantians of old, where our Lady stands for Cybele. I am no religious ascetic, but mere love of the appropriate would teach me to revolt as much at Correggio's sacred pictures in general, notwithstanding their great merit, as at a psalm set to a Drinking Song or a Comic Opera from an organ-loft. Briefly of the St. Sebastian, its levity of conception aside, taken in parts and in a profane light, there is much about it to please the amateur, much to enrapture the artist.

Objections so grave as lie against both these works do not exist against the St. Antonio. On this account I prefer it, though ranking far beneath them in connoisseur opinion. It is a much earlier work, painted, according to Tiraboschi, at eighteen.* The composition simple, the colouring sober yet luminous and clear, the sentiment dignified if not sublime, it has a character sufficiently monumental and mystical for the sacred place and purpose it was meant to illustrate. Here we have no flight of Paphian boys as a glory of cherubs, nor a mischief-loving elf as a Bambino, nor Saints declaring the subject—

With annotations of grimaces,
And sly remarks of leering faces;

nor a Virgin smiling encouragement on the frolic; but serene joy and placid contemplation in every countenance, still grandeur in every attitude, and quiet grace in every movement. To me also the clair-obscur is less importantly dexterous, large masses of light and shade producing a grateful effect, yet subordinate to that of the sentiment; not sacrificing the corners to a shield of radiance at the middle, nor playing off black and white spots against each other till they balance, as on a chessboard. The design is somewhat hard, and the technical treatment altogether reminds of Mantegna's primitive style, now on its way to one of more artifice, and convention, and power over the eye, which Correggio afterwards adopted. Dr. Waagen points out a picture at Lord Ashburton's as in the same manner, and probably the same time of the artist.

Enthusiasm the most phrenetic could not overpraise Correggio's *Magdalene* for its ineffable beauty. An oblong piece of copper that would scarce mint into a hundred pennies, bears upon its small surface many thousand pounds worth of mind: a pyramid of gold upon it has been offered as the price, and refused. What poverty or meanness might do in this small realm, I am unable to say; but nothing less than the overthrow of all France would remove this little thing from the Louvre, if once there: Potosi could not purchase it from a more money-loving nation, if in our Gallery. The bust of the fair Sinner strikes description dumb: words melt away into a mere unintelligible murmur of delight—admiration becomes a mere hysterical transport—before this beautiful creature of the wilderness. It renders one, however, a little sane to perceive that the work is not without defects in some particulars. Time has brought almost the whole background into a dark clot or blister, whereby the landscape, with its romantic features, rock, stream, and arborage, is only visible at projecting points, like scenery overflowed by a mud-volcano. This inlays the figure too much. Weather-stains have spread also in yellow patches upon her neck, and arms, and bosom, till our Christian Woodnymph resembles a fallen statue covered with lichens. Maugre it all, she is a miracle of loveliness. Correggio himself has committed nothing to regret, although her expression is not very appropriate, and rather that of a pensive Eve after her fault, than a self-disciplinarian. Those pulpy forms have yet to be macerated, those golden locks to be discoloured with ashes, and those cheeks worn lank with floods of scalding tears: else, she is not the traditional Magdalen which he meant to paint, but a sleek, and smooth, and well-fed *Musidora*, or shepherdess, whom indulgence in the cream of the land hath made plump and fond of repose, and a thought sentimental. Our hermitess lies covered with no sackcloth chemise, but a warm blue mantle, and conning a book which might be Boccaccio as well as a Bible for all the solemnity in her sunlit

countenance. Correggio could not delineate a mortified Magdalen, no more than Spagnoletto a jolly St. Jerome: his sole mistake was introducing the book and the cross, and calling his picture the 'Magdalen' instead of 'Meditation.' But his patron required a scriptural subject, and he could not put him off with a metaphysical—N.B. The elbow and the book cleaned by Palmaroli: a spasm of remorse stopped this impiety, and perhaps a pummeling in the *Kunst-Blatt* for his former one.

So much has been said, or at least written, about the famous *Notte*, that I need say little upon it. Properly it should be called *L'Aurora*, the 'Day-spring,' which, by the bye, would express the subject as well as the actual time, this being not Night, but Dawn. I have said "properly," though in fact all such names are *sobriquets*: the picture is an *Adoration of the Shepherds*, represented by Correggio for sake of effect as happening at peep of day. In colour it falls short of Titian's lustrous glow, and Paul Veronese's cool gorgeousness, but far exceeds the works of these, as well as all other artists, in that exquisite character of tone peculiar to Correggio which unites purity, sweetness, and delicate beauty, with depth, force, fulness, and mellowness. As a piece of clair-obscur, it has neither the loaded lights of Rembrandt, nor the violent contrasts of Caravaggio, yet produces an effect by natural and gradual irradiation from a centre, which would put out their bonfire illuminations if placed beside it, and exhibits a skill to which there is no more than a vulgar, unvarying *knack*. All this may be said of the *Notte* even in its present state—one of merciless ruin and restoration. A fine transparent glaze of sunny green once spread warmth and refreshing lustre over the whole canvas: parts have been washed off by such pictorial charwomen as Palmaroli, in the right upper angle especially, where a group of Angels which formed the second light now extinguishes the central and principal; besides discovering the hard lines and rough touches which, under such a veil, had preserved their due force yet lost their crudeness. Other parts have suffered a still worse fate at like sacrilegious hands; the modulating shadows and demi-tints have been stripped off as dirt, and raw tints put on or brought out as *beauty spots*. Portions are now so pitch-dark as to realize indeed the title of *Notte*. I have no further encomiums to lavish on the composition: Correggio's power herein reached only to colours, without embracing lines also: he composes lights and shadows with great adroitness, but lets the contours fall together at hap-hazard, seemingly unconcerned whether the dominant lines run at all angles, like a *chevaux-de-frise* in fractions, or produce an agreeable result by their skillful arrangement. Here, for example, legs, arms, sticks, posts, pillars, objects of every form, straight, circular and crooked, jostle and cross each other—I mean their directions—perplexedly and unpleasantly. It is difficult to compose lines without being either formal or confused; but Raffael was seldom the one, never the other, and may be named the great model for linear, as Correggio for clair-obscur composition. As to the sentiment of this picture, it has all the merit reconcilable with falsification of Scripture and dramatic propriety, and with indecorous offences against exalted Art. No more beautiful, amiable, blithesome little Housewife, than the principal figure, ever bent her sunny brow and dimpled cheek over her firstborn child—there is not a ray of the *Madonna* in her countenance! How unlike the awful, majestic, yet lowly being, which the elder artists imagined, who, by her solemn joy, approves her consciousness that she has brought forth the Saviour of Mankind, God under a human form, her Creator, though her offspring! Compare this smug Parmesan village-dame with the *Madonna* di San Sisto—nay, with one of Leonardo's Virgin-mothers, celebrated for their smiles, but not the smiles of mere caudle-cup enjoyment. Compare, too, an Infant Christ of old Francia or Lorenzi Credi with this of Correggio: here we have the luminous body of a babe, there an all-illuminative spirit beaming from its eyes, lambent over all its features—a marvellous conjunction of intelligence and childish innocence! However, Scripture truths and dramatic propriety were not Correggio's aim; his soul was not earnest or serious enough for the mystic style of art, nor his mind deep-searching enough to have fathomed and discriminated human character, without which art

* In 1512; which he proves, says Lanzi, by reasons all but irrefragable. Nevertheless, 1514 stands on the picture itself, and seems a date much more correspondent with execution so masterly.

can never be dramatical. If these qualities do not present themselves, we find others which perhaps their presence would exclude: brilliant general effect, playful and joyous loveliness of expression, harmonious colouring, varied through the whole scope of modulation, together with a manual power in itself a miracle. There is something of the artist's besetting sin—affection—about the young Shepherd; and false taste about the Shepherd-girl, who blinks under her hand at the sacred light, with a grimace very natural indeed, but altogether unbecoming so elevated a subject. Were the Niobe to hold forth some roots of her hair in one fist, and a scalp of her cheek in the other, whilst a line of marble tears ran down her nose, and her mouth were bent like that of a howling Hecuba, this might be natural, no doubt, and sufficiently expressive of sorrow, yet would fit the Niobe rather for Hockley-in-the-Hole than Adrian's Villa.—Correggio's masterpiece exhibited another specimen, besides the wry-faced Shepherdess, of indecorum and vulgar conception; to wit, a pig introduced among the worshipping animals. This unseemly associate was, on second thoughts, painted over, but re-appears through the coating, though faint enough to escape detection and condemnation from unpractised observers. I could scarcely perceive what an English artist, who copied the picture, pointed out to me, so it cannot now much disturb the spectator's gravity or satisfaction.

There is a *Portrait* given to Correggio, perhaps justly, for genius has its times of feebleness.

I turn to a most singular and admirable, if not first-rate, work of Titian's hand, the *Christo della Moneta*, or *Tribute-Money*. Not first-rate, however, only because it contains but two half-length figures, or indeed one, as the Pharisee,* who shows little more than his profile, is a mere foil to set off, by a dark mass, the illuminated form of Christ. Titian seldom threw so much sentiment into any work, nor Raphael himself nobler. The mild admonitory expression, more akin to sorrow than to anger, of Him who ensamples resignation even to imperious demands, though it has not Perugino's depth of pathos, breathes a placid force as irresistible. This highest of pictorial merits, sentiment, was ill-exchanged for splendid colouring, the object of Titian's subsequent devotion. Yet our picture is well coloured too, in a sober tone, homogeneous with the subject. But its singularity consists in its exquisite design and finish. Those who maintain that Titian painted with a splash-brush—despised elaboration—could not draw correctly, nor model minutely—those who maintain these figments, to excuse our slattern English style, and recommend a *ricochet* trick of touching over the canvas as Titianesque freedom—let them look here, and, ever after, dab off their pictures as fast as they would deal cards, if they please—hold their tongues. So microscopic is the workmanship, that a naked eye may count the hairs, even those upon the arms, and the veins, and the lines of the flesh: Lanzi adds the pores, and the reflections of outward objects within the pupils; but this is only Italian truth—a huge exaggeration of fact—at least, no such minutiae were visible to me through a magnifier. With more discernment, he adds, that, surpassing the works of Durer in precious workmanship, Titian's *Moneta* has the better superiority of becoming grandiose at increased distance, while Durer's lessen in effect. Titian's work is, indeed, grandiose both far and near, which proves against our "Ralph Royster-Doysters" of the palette, how compatible are freedom and perfect finish. I do not conceive Lanzi to be right, if he meant by his "già adulto"—"ancor giovanotto"—and his note, to date this picture so early as 1495-6; I conceive him to be wrong in asserting that Titian painted "no companion," as Vasari uses almost the critic's own terms upon the *Barbarigo* portrait, and Ticozzi attests its extreme elaborateness. There is also a small *Virgin and Child in glory* at the Royal Collection, Florence, of a like free, yet finished character; it enjoys Titian's name, but I cannot recollect with what precise measure of justice. His celebrated 'Peter Martyr' is drawn and wrought up to a degree of perfection, little outdone by the *Moneta*. Let us hear no more of Titian's

* So denominated by the Catalogue and critics; but probably *St. Peter*, being bare-headed, and humble of deportment. I should refer the scene to Matthew xvii. 26 and 27.—"There are the children free. Notwithstanding, lest we offend!"

contempt for strict design: careful execution at first was the secret of his future facility: when our artists can draw, and model, and complete a 'Tribute-Money' like this, we may give them leave to dash off their works with a "brave neglect," instead of their present braggadocio licence. Several other items are ascribed to Titian in the Catalogue: most of them, to my thinking, but Titians by courtesy. The *Venus* is a loose paraphrase of our Fitzwilliam picture at Cambridge, and better, now that renovation has destroyed the latter. Two portraits of coarse young women, one in white, called Titian's *Mistress*, the other in green, called his *Daughter*, are rough productions: I can see no beauty about them, either of the elaborate or off-hand style: perhaps the heads alone were by him, or perhaps they may be some of his *doting* portraits.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE Anniversary Meeting of the Royal Society took place yesterday, when the Marquis of Northampton was elected President; John William Lubbock, Esq. M.A., Treasurer; Peter Mark Roget, M.D., and Samuel Hunter Christie, Esq., Secretaries; Wm. Henry Smyth, Capt. R.N., Foreign Secretary; H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, K.G., Francis Baily, Esq., John George Children, Esq., John Frederick Daniell, Esq., C. G. B. Daubeny, M.D., Thomas Galton, Esq. M.A., Thomas Graham, Esq., Sir John F. W. Herschel, Bart. M.A., Francis Kiernan, Esq., George Rennie, Esq., John Forbes Royle, M.D., Rev. Adam Sedgwick, M.A., Robert Bently Todd, M.D., Charles Wheatstone, Esq., Rev. Wm. Whewell, M.A., and Rev. Robert Willis, M.A., Members of the Council.—(The gentlemen whose names in the preceding list are printed in Italics, were not members of the last Council.)—The Copley medal was awarded to M. Faraday, Esq.; the Rumford medal to Prof. Forbes; and the Royal Medals to H. Fox Talbot, Esq. and Prof. Graham.

London has not yet thrown off its autumnal drowsiness, and we have little of interest to announce as immediately forthcoming. We presume, however, that our readers may calculate on the early publication of 'Winter Studies and Summer Rambles,' by Mrs. Jameson; the continuation of Hallam's 'Introduction to the Literary History of the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries'; of Barrow's 'Life of Lord Anson'; and 'A Tour in Sweden,' by Mr. S. Laing. A complete edition of Mr. Milman's poetical works is also announced, and a volume of 'Rural Sketches,' by Thomas Miller.—In the way of art, we may mention that the statue by Mr. Nixon, about to be erected in St. Lawrence Church, Reading, in honour of Dr. Valpy, is now completed, and will be exhibited to the subscribers on Thursday next, at the Gallery in Pall Mall.—And, more important still, if we may judge from the tone of triumph in a little flourishing green paper note now before us, Rossini's opera of 'Guillaume Tell' is to be produced, on Monday next, at Drury Lane:—"GUILLAUME TELL," says the manager, "has been produced in almost every Country of Europe, England excepted. It has consequently been the aim of the Lessee of Drury Lane, to endeavour to efface an obloquy that has attached to the Musical Character of the British Nation, which may be said to be nearly unacquainted with the most perfect work of Rossini."

To escape from the heavy dulness of the season, we were tempted this week to make our customary annual visitation to the British Museum, and, with one or two exceptions, we found the old things in their old places, and the old desiderata still in abeyance. There are the Wild beasts looking as antediluvian as if they had come out of the Ark, stuffed—cramped rather—and stitched up like wallets and wine-bags, which they more resemble than the original objects. There are the *Townley Marbles*, in narrow dark lobbies (built for them on purpose!), quivering at every sweep of a skirt or twirl of a petticoat; and the new Antiques deposited under the low, ponderous ceiling of the "Grand Central Saloon." Matters have made but a crab-like progress in the *Phigaleian* apartment, where little can be seen now besides labourers' legs on scaffolds, and plasterers' heads over screens: the *Egina pediment*, indeed, by help of this much-ado, seems to advance at about the rate of Penelope's web.

In truth, the whole building itself would seem, like another Babel, to have its termination postponed *sine die*: we have looked out from the first floor for a week of years, with a yearning to see what would be made of that huge, desolate quadrangle, so classically enclosed by Smirke, besides a playground for rats and sparrows. Were Messieurs the Trustees joint-stock proprietors of a Railroad that promised cent. per cent., at what a pace their works would proceed!—were a popular Theatre, instead of a public Museum, under their surveillance, how rapidly would it be "run up"! Let us do them all justice, however: a new entrance to the Library has been built—to keep readers away, for it is now placed, on a scientific calculation no doubt, at the very farthest spot possible from general convenience. What can we say for the Catalogue this year? It is certainly as cheap (*one shilling*) as the Louvre Guide we spoke of (No. 480), and has now only to be made as good. Still no account in it of the *Lawrence Catalogue*, which contains some of the most beautiful and instructive articles here; nor of the *Vases, Medals, Prints, &c.*; though some of these departments are, and all had long been, stationary. Still the same meagre, miserable syllabus of the Marbles, which makes nothing so clear as the incompetence or superficial negligence of the compiler. There is, however, some augmentation of catalogue: to wit, the "Egyptian Room," comprising notices of the *Mummies* and their appurtenances. We are likewise bound in fairness to add, that the *Times*, of last Tuesday, was wrong in asserting that the Synopsis gave no account whatever of the *Ancient Portraits*: it does give an account, but very little information.

Whilst upon the subject of Museums, let us ask—are the *Saonean* trustees still nodding "in the pleasant land of Drowsihood," as well as their great prototypes above mentioned? How long is the Public Inheritance in Lincoln's Inn Fields to remain a close borough for Mr. So-and-so, the curator, and Mr. Such-a-one, the housekeeper? A rich *Architectural Library* was left, we submit, to be devoured by something else than the dry-rot: when shall we have the use and enjoyment of our heritage? Or has the entrance been removed to *Terra Incognita*? Two years almost has the testator been dead, yet the British people must still be satisfied with permission to visit their own property some few months during the fashionable season! Let us hope that by next spring such arrangements will have been made as may render a recurrence to this subject unnecessary.

We have just heard, and with much pleasure, that the Natural History Society lately formed at Chester has, in accordance with the objects of the Society for obtaining free Access for the people to National Monuments, and other interesting collections, ordered their museum to be opened gratis every Saturday from twelve to two o'clock. These instances of good will to the working classes show as much judgment as good taste, and deserve praise and imitation.

The absence of much novelty at home affords us leisure to look abroad, and we shall now give our readers the benefit of our researches.

A society has been formed in Berlin by a number of literary men connected with the periodical press, with the view of checking, if possible, the growing evils of literary piracy. In the absence of any law on which to ground their operations, they reckon, we presume, on their being able to call into existence a moral influence in their behalf. All editors of journals or of other periodical publications are invited to join the society, and, on becoming members of it, subscribe to a code of laws, which prescribes the mode of seeking redress, and the amount of compensation to be made for every plagiarism. The journalists who keep aloof from the society, will, no doubt, be soon regarded by the public as persons who voluntarily take their station beyond the pale of respectability. The topic which is to engross the attention of the society, is one which, if carefully studied, might be expected to furnish some curious illustrations of literary history and the progress of the human mind.

Italy still continues to atone to northern nations with her arts for the injuries anciently done to their pride with her arms. In Venice 1,600 paintings have gradually accrued to the Austrian treasury by escheat or sequestration. Of this number, forty have been selected to complete the Imperial collection; the rest have been given to the Academy of Arts in

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Vienna. The King of Bavaria has at the same time purchased a collection of 1,800 Etruscan vases, which have arrived in Munich, where they are destined to adorn the lower apartments of the Pinacotheca.

The celebrated Angelo Mai, so well known for his successful researches among the Palimpsest MSS. of the Vatican, by which he has restored to us many valuable fragments of the ancient writers; and the no less distinguished linguist Mezzofanti, have been both raised to the dignity of Cardinal.

Invention no longer creeps at a tortoise pace; every useful discovery is now instantaneously made known throughout the greater part of Europe, and is seized upon nearly at the same moment by many different nations. Asphalt is at present the rage in Germany, as with us; footways formed of it have already added to the comforts of Mannheim, Frankfurt, and Stuttgart. Several railways, also, in progress, contribute to heighten the fever of German speculation. The Northern Imperial Ferdinand Railway, from Vienna to Prague, advances rapidly, having 20,000 labourers employed on it, and it is expected that the eighty miles to Brunn will be completed this year. About sixteen miles have been already opened for the amusement of the citizens of Vienna.

The Austrian laws relative to railways allow the projectors the profits of the undertaking (which must not exceed fifteen per cent. on the capital) for fifty years, after which period it reverts to the government. The carriage of the mails is also stipulated for, and in every purchase, sale, or other contract made by the projectors, a Commissioner on the part of the government is a necessary party. About twelve miles of the Leipzig and Dresden Railway are already opened from the former city. Also the railway from Mannheim to Bâle is in progress, and excites glowing anticipations.

The British and American Steam Navigation Company have this week contracted with Mr. John Laird, of Liverpool, (the builder of the iron steam vessel *Rainbow*, belonging to the General Steam Navigation Company,) for an iron steam ship of 1,200 tons, to be called the *Atalanta*, and intended to run between this country and the United States, in conjunction with the *British Queen* and the *President*. From the experience Mr. Laird has had in this description of naval architecture, and the speed he has already attained in the vessels he has built, those well able to form an opinion on the subject, confidently predict that this vessel will reduce to ten days the average passage between Liverpool and New York.

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SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Nov. 17.—The Right Hon. Holt Mackenzie in the chair.

An extract of a letter to Dr. Royle, from Dr. Falconer, superintendent of the Hon. East India Company's Botanical Garden at Saharanpore, in 30° N. latitude, was read, communicating many interesting facts respecting the growth and successful cultivation of several plants likely to become important articles of commerce, especially that of the tea plant, which was thriving vigorously in two, and had flowered in three, of the nurseries established in the neighbouring hills. In the Saharanpore garden, the Osage sugar-cane had succeeded completely, and was likely to spread over the whole district. The upland Georgia cotton would, undoubtedly, be most successful in the Upper Provinces, as it ripens its seed before the Bourbon cotton even flowers. The Egyptian cotton also seemed likely to thrive. Experiments were in the course of being made with Peruvian cotton seed. Dr. Falconer mentioned, that the Ceylon cinnamon, American annatto, Bombay mangoes, and the Chinese litchie, were all thriving in the garden,—and the three latter yielding fruit abundantly.

Extracts were next read of a letter from Dr. Falconer, dated Cashmere, 26th Jan. last, whither he had been detached from the mission of Sir Alex-

ander Burnes, to Caubul. He marched across the Punjab to Lahore and Attock, in the month of July, traversing the sandy plains, which he describes as fearfully hot from the want of rain. The party crossed the Indus at Attock over a ferry, with considerable danger,—their boat having struck on a rock and split, the river running eight knots an hour. The vegetation along the banks of the Indus, from Attock to Durbund, surprised Dr. Falconer, considering the elevation and difference of latitude, as it was quite that of the characteristic forms of the Deyra Doon: *Grislea tormentosa*, *Rottlera tinctoria*, *Hastingia coccinea*, *Mimosa catechu*, and species of ficus being met with. The valley of Cashmere Dr. Falconer describes as presenting several anomalies in its Flora; and that it came up to all that poets had ever said of it, so far as natural beauties were concerned. The serene repose of the valley, itself the very impersonification of fertility; its transparent atmosphere, dark blue sky, and heavenly temperature; every village embosomed with extensive groves; with its rivers and its lakes, surrounded by its magnificent boundary of snowy mountains, presented the ultra perfection of scenic beauty.

A paper was next read 'On the Yellow Colour of the Barberry,' by Mr. E. Solly.—Mr. Solly stated, that the root of the common barberry, or *Berberis vulgaris*, was used for dyeing leather yellow; and that a cheap and abundant supply of this article was desirable. He therefore suggested the possibility of obtaining it with advantage from India. After describing the various species of berberis which grow in India, and mentioning many of their localities, he stated that, from some experiments made by him on specimens of barberry root from Ceylon, in the Society's Museum, he was convinced that the Asiatic root would prove an article of considerable value to dyers. He described the colour as being disseminated throughout the whole of the wood, bark, and roots; and suggested that experiments should be made on the relative quantity of colour in each of these parts respectively. Mr. Solly then mentioned, that as the root does not contain more than seventeen per cent. of useful colour, it might prove more convenient to import the watery extract instead of the whole root or stem, which plan would diminish the cost of the dye. The extract is well known to the natives of India, being the *horzis* or *rusot* of their medical writers; and might, no doubt, be easily prepared in large quantities.

The business of the meeting concluded with some observations by Dr. Royle, on the Orchideous plants which yield Salep, in Northern India. These he stated to be species of *Eulophia*: *E. campestris*, at the foot of, and *E. herbacea*, at an elevation of 7000 feet on the Himalayas, with another plant without flowers, but which is supposed also to be an *Eulophia*, and has been called *E. vera*. This last the Doctor obtained from the hills near the banks of the Jhilum, in the vicinity of the road from North India to Cashmere. It was brought to him by the plant collectors, as the plant yielding the true Salep of commerce of that part of the world, and which sells at a very high price, even at the Hundwar fair. He considered that the cultivation of this plant was a subject well worthy the attention of the natives of the Himalaya provinces.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 21.—The Rev. W. Whewell, President in the chair.

Before the reading of the papers commenced, Mr. Whewell announced, that a letter had been received from the governor of Newfoundland, requesting the Council of the Geological Society to name a competent person to make a survey of the island, its legislature having granted a sum towards defraying the expenses; and Mr. Whewell stated that he wished, before any reply were sent, to make the request public.

Mr. Owen read a paper on Two Jaws of the *Thylacotherium Prevostii* (Valenciennes), from Stonesfield. It is well known to our readers, that the fossil jaws found in the Stonesfield slate, have lately excited renewed interest in consequence of the discussions which have taken place at the meetings of the Institute of Paris, respecting the class of animals to which they ought to be assigned. Cuvier many years before his death pronounced, that the

specimens he examined belonged to the Marsupialia; but as the Stonesfield slate occurs far down in the secondary series of formations, the existence of that order of quadrupeds in so old a rock, has constantly been regarded with a jealous eye, by those naturalists, who have doubted the possible existence of mammalia at so remote a period in the Geological history of our globe. Mr. Owen commenced his paper by a just eulogy on the truth and tact with which the illustrious Cuvier formed a judgment of the affinities of an extinct animal, from the inspection of a fossil fragment. He then referred to the doubts which have been lately expressed by M. de Blainville, respecting the mammiferous nature of the Stonesfield jaws, from an examination, not of the specimens themselves, but of casts; and on the supposition that the state of the fossils may not admit of their true characters being determined. Mr. Owen, however, having had in his possession the two jaws belonging to Dr. Buckland, and having carefully examined the one in the British Museum, formerly in Mr. Broderip's cabinet, stated distinctly that the specimens are sufficiently complete to enable any anatomist conversant with the established generalizations in comparative osteology, to pronounce therefrom, not only the class, but the more restricted group of animals to which they belonged. When Cuvier assigned the jaws first found to the Marsupialia, he stated that they belonged to an extinct genus resembling the *Didelphis*, but differing from all known carnivorous mammalia in having eleven molars in a series in each ramus of the lower jaw; and it is to be regretted that he did not propose a generic name for the fossil animal, as much of the erroneous reasoning since advanced on the supposition that he considered it to be a true *Didelphis*, would have been prevented. The author then proceeded to describe the jaws to which the name of *Thylacotherium Prevostii* has been lately applied by M. Valenciennes, reserving to another occasion a description of that which possesses distinct generic characters, and for which he proposes, on account of their marsupial affinities, the name of *Phascolotherium*. M. de Blainville, from an inspection of a cast of the jaw of the *Thylacotherium*, has been induced to state, that there is no trace of a convex articulating condyle, the distinguishing character between the mammalia and ovipara, but that there is, in place of it, an articular fissure, somewhat as in the jaws of fishes. Mr. Owen, from an examination of the original specimens, is fully satisfied of the existence of the convex condyle, and he referred to the figure given by Mr. Broderip in the journal of the Zoological Society for confirmation of its presence, and he conceives that the "échancrure articulaire un peu comme dans les poissons" must be the entering angle either above or below the true condyle. Another objection to the mammiferous nature of the fossil has been advanced by M. de Blainville, with respect to the dentition, but from an inspection of a cast only. He has stated that the teeth, instead of being loosely imbedded in sockets, have their fangs confluent with, or anchored to the substance of the jaw. Mr. Owen however, possessing the advantage of studying the originals, has clearly ascertained that the teeth are in distinct sockets, and that so far from their being anchored to the bone, they are plainly separated from it by a thin layer of a distinct colour from either the teeth or the bone; and apparently due to the matrix having insinuated itself into the sockets, in the manner that it has into the vascular canals of the jaw. A third objection on the part of M. de Blainville is, that the jaw presents evident traces of being compound. With respect to the principal indication of such a structure—a groove, which extends from the lower end of the articular condyle, forwards to the orifice of the canal for the dental artery, where it divides, one branch being continued into the dental orifice, and the lower and larger forwards near the under margin of the jaw towards the symphysis.—Mr. Owen conceives that it is a true smooth vascular groove, such as is exhibited in the jaws of some insectivorous mammalia, and that it is this groove which has been mistaken for an articular suture. In demonstrating the marsupial nature of the fossil, the author showed, that the coronoid process had left on the stone in which it had been imbedded, the impression both of the ridge and of the shallow depression behind it, which characterizes the coronoid

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